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A CANADIAN IN CHINA

DURING THE LATE WAR.

By H. B. Manley.

THE author had the good fortune to go to Peking as the assistant to Mr. J. C. Hemment, special war artist for *Black and White*, of London, England. We left Vancouver on the *Empress of China*, July 9th, 1900, and arrived at Yokohama on July 23rd, after an uneventful passage. Not a craft of any kind was met during the whole trip.

At Yokohama our stay was very short, but not too short to teach us that large Calcutta sun helmets must be worn to avoid sun-stroke. Desiring to see a little of Japan, we decided to break the water trip, and go inland as far as

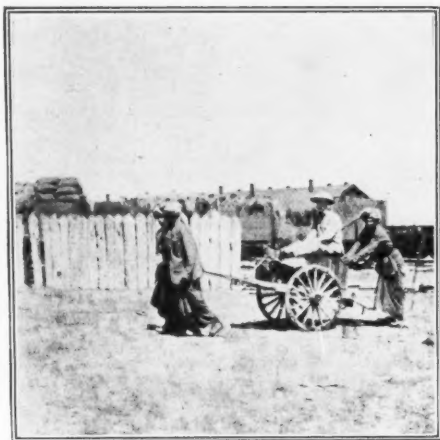
Tokio, the seat of government, and the residence of the Mikado. From Tokio we proceeded to Kobe, and there we met our steamer. Our next stop was Wei-hai-Wei, and the most interesting thing there was the "coaling up." Ex-

traordinary as it may seem, this is done by hand from large lighters which come alongside the ship. A temporary stair is built, and on each step stand diminutive Japs, male and female. The coal is put in small wicker baskets and pas-

sed up the stairway from one person to another. The process goes on with great rapidity for a whole day. We were told by the engineer that this process is cheaper and quicker than steam power. The heat was terrific, and the Japs occasionally took a plunge into the ocean to cool themselves off.

After leaving Wei-hai-Wei we traversed

the Inland Sea, passing through the finest water scenery in the Orient. The numerous islands, some mountainous, some flat, and almost everyone under cultivation by the thrifty Japs, made up a wonderful panorama of



THE AUTHOR AND HIS EFFECTS BEING TAKEN TO THE
TIENSSEN RAILWAY STATION BY SIKHS

charming scenery. We passed numbers of Japanese forts, the majority of them only a few feet above high water mark, all the works being below water line.

Sixteen miles from Shanghai our huge vessel came to anchor in the Woosing roads, and a tender was in waiting to take the passengers and luggage to Shanghai. The "Empresses" draw more water than most war vessels, and, consequently, do not take

of their not showing any hostility. The searchlights of the various warships were kept playing on this fort every night so as to keep in close touch with their movements. It may be mentioned that this is the strongest fort (Chinese) in China. The Chinese had been drilled by German instructors previous to the war, and their arms and accoutrements are of the most modern kind supplied by Krupp.

A grand sight presented itself to our



OFFICERS OF THE INFANTRY OF THE WOOSING ARMY AND THE GERMAN INSTRUCTORS INSIDE THE FORT AT SHANGHAI

the risk of running into Shanghai harbour.

In going up the Woosing River we passed under the guns of the Woosing fort, well manned by Chinese troops, some 1,000 strong. They were well watched by the warships at anchor, and strange, as it may seem, the Chinese were very busy at the earthworks and have not been molested in the slightest by the Allies in consequence

vision upon entering Shanghai harbour. There, riding at anchor were representative warships, about 90 in number, from all the naval Powers of the world. Thousands of Chinese gather at the beautiful water-front, the "Bund," as it is called all over China—a large strip of sodded ground about one mile long and 200 feet wide, serving as a recreation ground for the citizens on the hot, sultry afternoons so

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prevalent in China. As I have said, the Chinese gather in droves and look with amazement at the iron monsters from the foreign devils' country. There is not the slightest doubt that the presence of the large number of warships saved Shanghai, made the Chinese behave themselves and prevented an uprising, as they outnumber Europeans in the ratio of 500 to 1. There was great fear manifested in Shanghai before the arrival of warships and troops, and when we landed there were about 20,000 Allied troops garrisoned in and around Shanghai. There exists in this city a corps of volunteers, numbering about 1,000, each company of 100 representing different nations. It is called the Shanghai Volunteer Corps, and was formed at the time of the Taiping rebellion and has been in existence ever since.

Our stay in Shanghai was cut short on account of our being fortunate enough to secure transportation to the scene of hostilities and we embarked on the British transport *Wo-Sung*, which was going to Taku—a four days' trip, with 100 Sikhs, 604 sheep, 120 horses, 103 mules and 62 cows. These poor creatures were penned up in a space only about one-third it should have been, and the death rate in consequence was great on account of the fearful heat. In the hold of the steamer, there were four staterooms (?) allotted to



LI-HUNG-CHANG'S PRIVATE SECRETARY, CHING, ON THE PLATFORM OF HIS PRINCIPAL'S PRIVATE CAR. CHING IS A GRADUATE OF HARVARD



NANKIN—THE HOUSE WHERE LI-HUNG-CHANG STAYED ON HIS WAY TO PEKING. THIS IS A SAMPLE OF HOUSES BUILT BY EUROPEANS AND SOLD TO RICH CHINESE



PEKING—ON THE SPOT ON WHICH AUTHOR AND CHINAMAN ARE STANDING, BARON VON KETTLER WAS MURDERED



TIENTSEN—IMPERIAL CHINESE RAILWAY YARD, SHOWING THE DESTRUCTION WROUGHT BY THE ARTILLERY OF THE ALLIES. THIS IS THE SPOT WHERE ADMIRAL SEYMOUR'S COLUMN WAS REPULSED THREE TIMES. THE STATION SHOWS TWO RUSSIAN FLAGS

fifteen of us, chiefly artists and correspondents on the way to the front. Amongst our party was a German Count, who was representing a German paper, also Schomberg, a "London Illustrated" artist. Arriving at the end of our water trip, we had to wend our way through the Allied fleet, consisting of 40 warships and cruisers, riding at anchor at the Taku roads. We silently glided up the Pei-Ho, some four miles, going past the captured Taku forts, from which Russian, French, Japanese, German, English and American flags were flying. It was an impressive sight to see the fearful havoc wrought on the Taku mud forts by the awful storm of lead from the guns of the Allied fleet. All along up the river front up to Tonku, can be seen indescribable desolation. Whole villages have been swept away, where desperate fighting occurred.

Upon our arrival at Tonku we noticed unusual activity amongst the Russian and German troops; we discovered that they intended to make an attack on the Peitang (Chinese) forts some five miles away. We learned that the Russians had made an unsuccessful assault a week previous. We went out with the

troops most in which worst experience not so space of time be into

On board the Taku, being five miles distant from the Imperial way, Russian every land other German court are in occasional stand troops very Russian in room with sian

On the 1st of the very world Chinese feet of the yard and cons con from acco inter stru acro ing lag and of f der ies

troops and watched a most interesting attack in which the Chinese were worsted. It was an experience which we will not soon forget and were space available a description of it would no doubt be interesting.

On our return we boarded the train at the Taku station, after waiting five hours, and started for Tientsen, 27 miles distant. This road, the Imperial Chinese Railway, is entirely under Russian Control, a chance everyone thought England missed, and any other but a Russian or German receives scant courtesy. The carriages are in a filthy condition, occasioned by the constant passage of Allied troops to the front. A very slovenly lot are the Russian officials, attired in rough canvas uniforms with the regulation Russian cap.

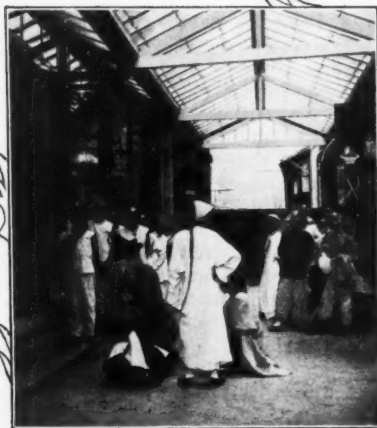
On our way into Tientsen, all along each side of the track, were noticed very ingenious breast works, thrown up by the Chinese troops, about 20 feet apart. On each side of the track about 50 yards away are thousands of Chinese graves consisting of mounds conical shaped, ranging from 8 to 20 feet in height, according to the number interred. They are constructed of mud, covering acres upon acres. Looking at the demolished villages all along the line and the diminutive size of them, one at first wonders where so many bodies came from, but upon



PEKING — SHOWING THE STATE IN WHICH THE ALLIES LEFT LEGATION STREET ON THEIR WAY THROUGH. NOT ONE BUILDING WAS LEFT INTACT



being made aware of the fact that they have been burying there for hundreds of years, one need not express any surprise. The mud villages all along the



line were completely demolished by Seymour's column, and the desolation is terrible. One dare not think what suffering and privation will take place the coming winter. What puzzles one most is where those thousands upon thousands of Chinese could have gone who fled upon the approach of the Allies.

We arrived at Tientsen after a six hours' ride, and upon our arrival our real campaigning commenced. We found desolation everywhere. At this particular spot, the Tientsen R. R. station, Admiral Seymour's column was repulsed four times, and had to retire to wait for reinforcements. The Boxers and Imperial troops fought like demons, and were mowed down

1. Japanese Cavalry outside Gordon Hall, Tientsen. 2. Chinese Prisoner being bambooed on Calves of Legs. 3. Interior of Chinese Police Station, Shanghai—Prisoners being led away to be bambooed

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by thousands. They actually threw themselves on top of the field pieces and hampered the gunners. It was the stubborn resistance of fatalists who knew no fear.

Upon our arrival we found Russian predominance everywhere. What little was left of the stone station was entirely under Russian control, and they show-



allowed to temporarily place our stuff in the small room used for telegraph and other purposes. Our next and most difficult task was to

ed it in no unmistakable manner. We managed to unload our cameras, plates and effects, although a terrible rain-storm was pouring down on us. This was eight o'clock in the evening, and our great anxiety was to get our effects under cover, contrary to the wish of the pompous Russian station-master. Tact of no mean order which was resorted to by my chief, accomplished our purpose, and we were



1. Temple of Heaven, Peking—Steps and Railing are beautifully carved white marble. 2. Bombay Lancers, Captain and Trooper. 3. The Allies in China—Temple of Heaven Grounds—Russian, British, Annamite, German, Japanese and French

get quarters for the brief period we were to stop in Tientsen, before proceeding to Peking. The only hotel, the Astor House, kept by a German, left partially intact from the bombardment, was three miles from the station and it had been commandeered by the Russian general and his staff two weeks before our arrival. No one else was, by their order, allowed accommodation, but nothing daunted we started out with three Chinese coolies to seek a place to lay our heads. Tientsen at this time was under martial law, and no Chinese could be trusted. Sniping was a very popular amusement as darkness set in every evening, and we were advised to take shelter in any kind of a box car for that night, and not undertake the risky task of running the gauntlet to get to the hotel, but my chief being of a determined nature, was bound to get under shelter that night so as to get a change of clothing. After making our coolies understand by gestures that it was the hotel we wanted, the start was made, the rain coming down in torrents. We followed the Chinese with our revolvers ready for use at the least sign of treachery, and we found our way after a terrible walk through the devastated and looted city. The streets strewn were with all kinds of wreckage, whole blocks of houses and fine stores completely demolished, not a few of the dismembered parts of Chinese dead bodies lying in the gutters of the streets, filling the air with the most repugnant odours, while dogs could be seen skulking away from the loathsome piles upon our approach. We at last landed up in front of the hotel, where unmistakable signs told us that it was in the hands of the Slavs, for a large Russian flag was displayed from the window with the announcement posted on the main entrance to show that it was the headquarters of the Russian general and his staff. Here is where Mr. Hemment's tact, which carried him successfully through the Cuban war, stood us in good need and won the day. After a considerable amount of par-

leying with the German landlord and the general's secretary, Mr. Hemment produced an official letter from the U.S. War Office, Washington, claiming protection as an American citizen while in China on artistic work in connection with our paper. It had the desired effect and we were assigned a room at the top of the house.

We started out early next morning with our camera and plates to take pictures, and it was our painful duty here to witness and take photos of the shooting and decapitation of six Boxers. We noticed a procession winding its way to the Chinese graveyard, five miles from the outskirts of the city. The first three prisoners were blindfolded, and bound to square posts planted three feet in the ground, and a detachment of fifty French soldiers were formed up at twenty paces distant. The end was soon over, for it must have been instantaneous death for the poor wretches, as not a movement was noticed after the smoke cleared away. The best shots were chosen from the French regiment for this service. It proved to be a more merciful and humane method than that resorted to by the Japanese. The three others were led off by a company of Japanese, about one mile away in the same graveyard, said graveyard covering an area of three square miles. Arriving at the allotted spot, the poor wretches were made dig a large square pit, and one by one they were made kneel at the edge with their hands tied behind their backs. A Japanese officer stepped forward, and with the ordinary service sword drew it back and forward over the poor wretch's neck, and then with a swift blow it descended, cutting off the head. The next one was as successful, and then came a terrible spectacle. Up walked the Japanese officer, after wiping his sword, and drew the back to and fro over the poor wretch's neck three or four times before he struck the fatal blow. Down came the blade on the apex of the skull, cutting about two inches into the neck. The poor wretch fell into the pit, the Japanese officer climbing down and



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BOMBAY LANCERS ON THE BANKS OF THE PEI-HO STARTING ON THEIR LONG TRAMP INTO PEKING

sawing away at the neck until the head was severed. The heads were immediately carried over to the main road and strung up on poles, as an object lesson to the large number of Chinese who were congregated around with blanched faces. I would not care to look upon such a sight again.

We spent the next day taking pictures in and around the place where General Liscom, U.S. army, was killed in the advance into Tientsen, and we were up by break of day packing and getting ready to proceed on our tortuous six-days' journey up the Pei-Ho river to Yung-Sing. Our effects were loaded on a British transport hand-waggon, drawn by four strapping big Sikhs, kindly loaned us by their colonel.

Arriving at the Bund on the banks of the Pei-Ho where about 100 Chinese commandeered junks were being loaded with supplies by the different Allies to be conveyed into Peking, we noticed the British bluejackets loading up one of the large junks with Capt. Perry Scott's gun, which did such fine work at the relief of Ladysmith. They were taking it down the river to where the *Terrible* was riding at anchor. There, as at Ladysmith, it proved invaluable. We were allowed by courtesy of a Japanese officer to store our effects on board, and go up the river with him and his men. Each

junk is provided with a large, square sail, which was of very little service on account of light winds all the way up. A rope about 100 yards long is attached to the top of the mast, and Chinese coolies—generally about twelve—are yoked to the other end, and they walk along the river bank at a snail's pace. Coolies are also at the stern on board, rowing with flat oars about twenty feet long, working on a pivot.

We made the start in the wake of a long string of junks, representing every nation, with their respective flags flying from the stern; and it was a picturesque sight beyond description. All along the banks of the river could be seen Allied troops on their long march into Peking, Russian and British native troops preponderating. At the approach of darkness every night all of the junks would be run into the mudbank close to the shore, and with guard mounted would stay there until daybreak. The guard mount was simply a matter of routine, as not a hostile Chinese could be found for miles around, so well did the advance column do their terrible work of carnage and rapine. Farm buildings and whole villages were swept away, to afford safety to the convoys going up and down the river. It looked as though each nationality had tried to outdo the others in their devilish work—only a straggling dog here

and there was left behind to remind one that an industrious village once existed before these human fiends started their butchery and carnage. Hundreds of old, infirm and sick who could not flee were ruthlessly slaughtered, and scores of bodies were left in their tracks as they attempted to escape. Their sacred joss-houses and gods were demolished and scattered around. Half-way up we noticed an encampment of Austrians, and we landed to renew our water supply. Our attention was called to the large excavation resembling a canal at right angles to the Pei-Ho, dug by the Chinese with the intention of diverting the original course of the river so as to ground the large number of convoys down the river. Their efforts would have been rewarded by success if the advance of the column had been delayed one week longer, and inestimable damage would have resulted. Their ingenuity was much commented upon by the Austrians and officers. Thousands of Chinese must have been at work with their crude implements night and day working at this large ditch. The Allies relieve each other in guarding this particular place.

On our way up the river scores of dead Chinese were floating down and quite a few were stranded on sand bars. Their presence was easily located on account of the frightful stench arising from the putrid bodies. This most sickening journey terminated the afternoon of the sixth day and we arrived up river as far as navigable craft of any kind can go.

This place is called Yung-Sing. Hundreds of junks flying flags of all nations were unloading supplies all along the river front and troops of all nations were here waiting for the junks to furnish them with supplies before proceeding into Peking. We were compelled to remain here for three days before moving on over the remaining 40 miles of road into Peking, as nothing in the shape of a conveyance was obtainable to take our effects with us. We were allowed by courtesy of the U. S. Marine Corps to occupy

quarters in their compound and, thanks to the same source, we were enabled to purchase from their commissary, tin goods for our future use. We were rewarded at last by being able to purchase for a big figure, a Peking cart (two wheels) and two mules from an American correspondent who had just made his way out of Peking. After loading our stuff we started off in the wake of an American convoy of twenty Manila waggons brought from the Philippines. There was one continual stream of convoys of all nations going into Peking. It was the same as coming up the river, as far as desolation and massacre was concerned. The heat was terrific as this was the hottest time of the year. They have the two extremes here, the winter being very severe, the glass often registering 10 below zero, and in summer the glass goes up as high as 120.

Having started early in the morning we came within sight of the great wall surrounding Peking at five in the afternoon and proceeded to the western gate through which most of the Allies entered the city. We walked through the desolated streets, passing a few barricaded stores which were not looted and demolished. We discovered that those remaining intact were saved by the craftiness of the Chinese who owned them, in nailing up the flag of some nation on the door before they fled. It, in almost every instance, had the desired effect.

Our first business in Peking was to find quarters, which we did in a house occupied by Mr. Hernan and Mr. Lynch, two correspondents. Their abode was the abandoned mansion of a rich mandarin and we were assigned a room which had been occupied by the mandarin's two daughters. The bed consisted of brickwork, built about two feet high and ten feet long, with an oven beneath. The Chinese build a fire in these ovens hours before they retire and the bricks are heated thoroughly; over these they spread expensive rugs. We adopted the same plan, using straw for fuel and our army blankets to sleep in. We were thus



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THE AUTHOR WALKING BESIDE CART ON HIS WAY HOME FROM PEKING, PASSING ALONG
(OUTSIDE) THE GREAT WALL WHICH DIVIDED THE CHINESE CITY
FROM THE TARTAR CITY

very comfortable during our ten days' stay in Peking. Our food was drawn from the British commissariat, we being on the list as correspondents. Our daily rations consisted of meat, rice, carrots, sugar and rum.

We had a big ten days' work before us, so we started out early the next day to see the sights. Our first and great desire was to get into the Emperor's Palace inside the Forbidden City, and we fortunately obtained a letter from Major Conger, U.S. Consul, to the Japanese general, who held the key to the situation, so we harnessed up our two mules and loaded up our apparatus, and started off for the Palace, some four miles outside the city proper. We arrived there after witnessing some awful carnage results on our route. The Palace is inside a large, high stone wall, about a half-mile square. A moat runs all around the wall, so we crossed the bridge and stood before the massive gates and announced ourselves. After a considerable amount of parleying we were admitted into the holy of holies. A peculiar feeling overcomes one which one cannot account for. We were met on the threshold of the Imperial apartments by a number of high court dignitaries, who were left behind by the Emperor and Empress to look after the Palace and contents. They were

very old men of commanding appearance and true Chinese dignity, and were very polite. Such a characteristic Chinese one never meets outside China. It is a very crude article which reaches America. We were escorted to the tea-house where we partook of that beverage made as only Orientals can make it. We were then escorted through the Imperial bedrooms. The decorations were old and beyond description, and priceless in value. The handiwork of the ruthless vandals who preceded us was very much in evidence, although those who visited here before us were supposed to be officers and gentlemen. In some of these apartments was noticed costly rugs of great age, full of dust. Cobwebs were plentiful and the two extremes prevailed—richness and dirt. We were kept religiously away from the compound which contained the harem. The grottoes containing gold-fish scattered throughout the gardens were very picturesque. His Royal Highness had a mania for clocks. One room was given up for the large collection, and they were there the most ancient as well as modern. Some were pointed out to us which Li-Hung-Chang brought him from America. Our tour throughout the Palace occupied one-hour-and-a-half. We were not allowed by the Jap General to take any photos. It is not

prohibited, but he insists upon the rule being enforced. It is chronic with the Japs. No one is allowed in Japan with a camera for the purpose of taking pictures (outdoor). So we gratified our desire outside the Palace in the Forbidden City. We visited all the encampments around the Palace. We were pointed out the identical spot where Baron Von Kettler was murdered; we took pictures of the place and then spent the remainder of the afternoon in and around the Imperial Chinese Carriage Park (forbidden ground) now occupied by the British, comprising Sikhs, Bombay Lancers, Royal Engineers and Royal Welsh Fusiliers. To make room for the men for sleeping quarters and commissary department, the beautiful royal carriages of rare beauty and great age, with beautiful trimmings, were ruthlessly dumped out on the grounds exposed to the elements. As my chief remarked, His Highness "won't do a thing" when he is made aware of the fact! This park is divided from the British Legation by a high wall, the Boxers having made this their stronghold. One very ingenious device was resorted to here. The Boxers and Imperial troops dug a long tunnel. Starting from the inside of a large building alongside the Legation-wall, they had dug down twenty feet and tunnelled parallel along the wall up as far as where the Ambassador's residence was situated. They had branched off partly up to the wall when the Royal Engineers, who were digging a ditch along anticipating such designs on the part of the Chinese, heard the sound of digging and they immediately started to countermine. The Chinese detected them and immediately branched off, as they thought, alongside the wall farther along, but they miscalculated and came back almost in their own track with the result that if the mine had been charged and fired the damage to themselves would have been terrible. It was not to be, however. While they were charging the mine the alarm came that the sound of the artillery of the relief column was heard in the distance. The Chinese fled pell-

pell. It was, as General Gazelee said, a very bold and clever piece of work on the part of barbarians. We took excellent pictures of the opening to the mine. Our day's work being done, we retired for the night.

We made our way to the Temple of Heaven and Temple of Agriculture grounds next morning. The former place is where the Emperor and Empress worship once a year; to the latter place he repairs once a year to pray for a bountiful harvest. The gorgeousness of the Temple of Heaven cannot be described; it is roofed with the Imperial Royal Chinese yellow-and-blue tiles; the effect of the sun's rays on it is enchanting. It is now in possession of a company of British Sikhs, and the large grounds (forbidden) are occupied by the British camps, the Americans occupying the Temple of Agriculture and grounds; these Temples are five miles out on the outskirts of the city. I may say that it was here I met the only Canadian besides myself in Peking. He was Capt. Charles Dobell, of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, who was sent with his regiment from South Africa to Hong-Kong, and from there to Peking. He is a son of Hon. R. R. Dobell, of Quebec, and also a distinguished graduate of the Royal Military College. The meeting of two Canadians in such a remote part of the world can better be imagined than described.

After taking pictures in the British, American and Russian Legations and portraits of the Ambassadors, we made preparations to take our departure for the sea coast. It would be harrowing to go into details of all the horrible sights we saw, and our great and longing desire was to get away from such a desolate place. I might mention that when we were in Peking large numbers of the Chinese exiles were returning, being positively assured that no harm should come to them. Some of these were wealthy merchants who had fled only to return and find everything they owned swept away. There was no distinction made and the Allies commanded them upon their approach to the city.

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A SONG IN SPRING

III

Their lot was a happy one, comparatively speaking, if they fell into the hands of either the British or Americans, who paid them 20 cents per day, including chow (grub). Their work was not very hard, gathering together firewood, sprinkling lime around the streets, etc., but their great dread was to fall into the hands of either Russians or Germans.

I must draw a veil over the rest of the horrors which we witnessed and conclude by quoting from Sir Robt. Hart, who is the greatest authority in China on Chinese character. We had several interviews with him, and he declares that the days of Taipingdom, when native warred with native, showed nothing worse than the atrocities committed by the Allied forces in China. Geo. Lynch, in conversation, said the massacre of Taku was a fit beginning for the blood-stained track of terror which marked the progress of the Allies from the sea to Peking.

I may say that the most brutal and cruel of the Allies were the Russians we met, and the Germans are not much better. The largest part of the loot can be found in the possession of

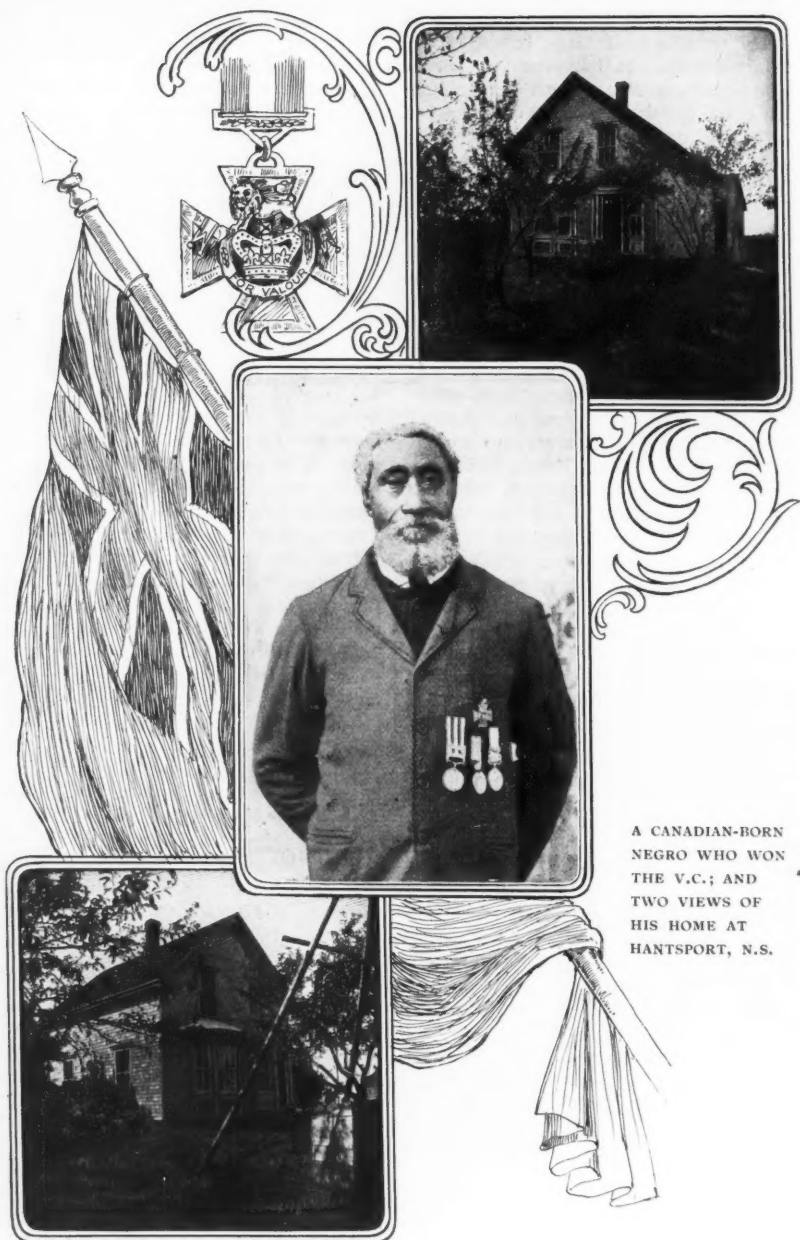
the Russians and Germans. The finest all-round soldier in China from what we saw is beyond doubt the little Jap. He is possessed of great pluck and endurance. The Austrians were very fine, blonde-complexioned fellows, obliging to a fault, and the French were a very slovenly lot drafted from the French provinces. Their allies, the Annamites, were a finer class fighting under the French flag. The British and Americans were as of one family in this campaign. Where one was there was the other, and their past history can easily vouch for the fine work they did in China. The handsome and fine Sikhs and Bombay Lancers were a feature in this war, and the valuable transport work they did was invaluable. The respect paid to correspondents and civilians by these fine fellows will linger long in one's memory. After going through the experience we did we have come to the same conclusion as did Mr. George Lynch, that this war has been a great blot on civilization and has set it back a decade. The missionary has to go all over his work again.

A SONG IN SPRING.

SPRING comes singing from the south,
Singing with a smiling mouth,
Breathing o'er the frozen north,
Bidding leaves and buds break forth.

Hope comes surging from the past,
From the chains that held it fast
In its prison-cell of pain,
Bidding life be glad again.

May Austin Low.



A CANADIAN-BORN
NEGRO WHO WON
THE V.C.; AND
TWO VIEWS OF
HIS HOME AT
HANTSPORT, N.S.

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A CANADIAN NEGRO V.C.

By D. V. Warner.

NOW that the war in South Africa is over, and our men have returned, Canada, as an integral portion of the Empire, has a just right to be proud of the noble manner in which her sons have borne their part in the conflict. They have not only done their duty on all occasions so as to win the admiration of prominent British generals, but four of their comparatively small number have so distinguished themselves as to be awarded for "conspicuous bravery" that most coveted of all decorations open to all classes of Britain's defenders, without regard to rank.

It will, no doubt, be interesting to many Canadians at this time, to those of us, especially, who have a more or less pronounced "race prejudice," to know that a negro native of this Dominion won the Victoria Cross during the Indian Mutiny, within a few years after the institution of the order; and for an act of bravery which was remarkable both for the number of lives which depended upon it, and for the coolness which characterized it throughout.

William Hall, the subject of this sketch, was born in Summerville, Hants Co., N.S., in 1832. His parents were extremely poor; and the boy, showing more independence than is usually found among young coloured men in this country, shipped before the mast in 1844, sailing in a small vessel from Hantsport, the nearest shipping port to his native village. The following six years were spent in the merchant marine of Nova Scotia. During this time Hall served in vessels of various rigs, and visited most of the well-known ports of the world, developing finally into a strong, active young man, and, for his years, a seaman of experience. For about eighteen months he served in the

American Navy, then, once more, for a few months only, in a trading vessel.

The winter of 1852 found him in Liverpool, England, where on February 2nd, at the Recruiting Office in Red Cross Street, he enlisted in the British Navy as a seaman, and was appointed to the *Rodney*, Captain Graham, a vessel of 90 guns then lying in Portsmouth Harbour. With a number of other young naval recruits he proceeded to London, and thence to Portsmouth, where he and his fellow volunteers were under orders to report on board the receiving ship *Victory*. Nelson's famous flagship, after so many years of service in the front rank of Great Britain's "wooden walls," was still in use at that time, although in a somewhat humbler capacity.

For two years the *Rodney* was attached to the Channel Fleet; when, at the beginning of the trouble in the Bosphorus, which resulted in the disastrous Crimean war, she was ordered to the Mediterranean, and joined the fleet at Malta. During the long naval campaign which followed, Hall was present at the bombardment of Odessa, where, as he himself expresses it, "we chastised the Russians for not recognizing the flag of truce," and later on at the siege and fall of Sebastopol.

At the conclusion of the Crimean war there were many changes made in the crews of the vessels forming the war fleet. New men were drafted to fill the numerous vacancies, and the survivors were, in many cases, transferred to other vessels. Seaman Hall, who had gone through the whole campaign without a serious wound, was transferred to the frigate *Shannon*, which was then under orders to sail for Singapore, from which port she was to have the honour of conveying

to Hong-Kong, Lord Elgin, ex-Governor-General of Canada, who had, on account of serious complications in China, been then recently appointed Plenipotentiary Extraordinary to that country. At Singapore the *Shannon* was gaily decorated with flags, and when the distinguished Minister was brought on board a salute of twenty-one guns was fired; and, as a special mark of honour to the representative of Her Majesty, all the yards were manned.

From Hong-Kong the *Shannon* proceeded to Calcutta. The terrible Indian Mutiny had then broken out, and several British warships then cruising in Eastern waters were ordered to various ports in India. After lying for a short time at Calcutta, hurried orders were received by the captain of the *Shannon* to send as many men as could be spared overland to Lucknow. Accordingly two hundred and fifty seamen and marines, including Hall, were selected from the ship's company, and ordered to co-operate with the relieving forces under Colonel, afterwards Sir Henry, Havelock. Besides being well supplied with small arms, the men took eight of the ship's guns. The use of naval guns on land, which has been such an important feature of the war now happily over, was recognized at that time, although the effectiveness of the cannon was slight when compared to the frightful execution wrought by their successors of to-day.

The march to the besieged city was, as we all know, long and accompanied with great loss of life. The naval guns were frequently found to be of great service. Each of them was operated by six men, numbered from one to six, beginning with the captain. If the officer in charge of a gun happened to be killed or wounded, man No. 2 took charge of the weapon, and so on. This arrangement prevented any confusion when a man was disabled, each man having a number and knowing what to do if his comrade holding the next lowest number was put out of action.

The Sepoys were continually hovering on the flanks of Colonel Havelock's men, and the *Shannon's* contingent suffered much from their annoying attacks. Each time, however, they succeeded in repelling the enemy with but slight loss, until one day, long to be remembered by the survivors.

As the British forces approached nearer and nearer to Lucknow the attacks of the Sepoys became more and more determined. On the day mentioned above the enemy fought desperately, and nearly succeeded in surrounding the British. The men of the *Shannon*, finding themselves hard pressed, endeavoured to gain a position nearby, where there was a ruined building surrounded by a high stone wall, their object being to use the building as a temporary fort and refuge for the exhausted men. In order to effect this they directed the fire of some of the guns against the walls. Breaches were finally made in the thick walls, through one of which the men, after heavy loss, dragged a gun, and from that point of vantage began to use it with effect to cover the retreat of their comrades.

This gun now occupied such a commanding position that the Sepoys, seeing the havoc it caused in their ranks, directed their fire to the spot so as to make it in a few minutes a very perilous situation. The men operating the weapon fell rapidly, and the officer in charge of the corps finally gave orders to abandon the piece.

Seaman Hall was then acting as "No. 2" at one of the other seven guns, but seeing the importance of the piece in the breach, he left his position and hurried across the intervening space to assist in working it. The two survivors of the original crew took courage when they saw help coming, and the officer in charge of the gun, Lieut. Salmon, shouted, "Ah, Hall! you're a man." Three more deserted their original positions, and the gun's crew was once more complete. Against the express orders of the commanding lieutenant, the gun continued its work of destruction for

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several minutes longer, until the Sepoys drew off with heavy loss. Of the six heroes who saved the corps from annihilation but three were left alive. They were Lieut. Salmon, now prominent in our navy as Rear-Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, K.C.B., and Seamen Robinson and Hall. Each man was recommended for and subsequently received the Victoria Cross.

After many years of faithful service in Her Majesty's navy, Hall was honourably discharged with a good pension, and after knocking about the world for a short time longer, finally settled on a small farm about four miles from the village of Hantsport, N.S., where he has lived quietly for the past twenty-four years.

Among the few heroes who have won this highest distinction which our sovereign bestows "for intrepid bravery in the face of the enemy" there are none who have merited the decoration better than our Canadian hero, none upon whose particular act of daring greater issues hung; and, as I will proceed to illustrate, none who are more modest in speaking of the occasion when they won the honour.

The old veteran lives in a little farmhouse overlooking Minas Basin. The property is protected from heavy winds by a row of spruce trees bordering the road, so that only the upper windows can be seen when driving past. For a small farm it is well stocked with cattle and poultry, and there is a two-acre orchard of thrifty young trees adjoining the house. The proprietor of the place was busy sharpening a scythe when I called to see him one afternoon early in September last.

"It's rather late for haying, isn't it?" he observed, when I had taken the place of the small boy who was turning the stone, "but I just want to get a little salt hay off the marsh."

"By the way," I said, after a few turns of the stone, "haven't you been in the British navy?"

"Yes; I served a good many years in the navy," he replied; then, lifting the scythe from the stone, and carefully feeling the edge, "I think she'll cut

that grass all right now, thank you; it doesn't require a very sharp scythe."

"Better sharpen the point a little more," I suggested; then, when the scythe had again been applied to the stone, "I hear you have the Victoria Cross," I said.

"Yes; I won the 'Cross' in India in '57, time of the Mutiny, you know."

In the course of the afternoon I obtained the account of the old sailor's life, which I have already given. He described minutely incidents which seemed to me to be of no particular importance, such as the reception in honour of Lord Elgin at Singapore. He had said very little about the march to Lucknow, not mentioning himself except as belonging to the *Shannon's* contingent, and was describing the character of the Sepoys, and the distressing scenes in the Residency during the relief, when I interrupted him with—"but I want to hear about the way you won the Cross; I've heard about the Relief of Lucknow."

"Oh!" he answered, with evident impatience, "that was way back on the march; I almost forgot about that."

After talking with him all the afternoon I obtained from him the account which I have given. When he had brought his story down to the time when he was pensioned off, and settled down to a more peaceful occupation, near his old home, he surprised me by saying, "Thank you very much for taking note of me."

Of course I hastened to point out that the gratitude was all on my part, and then asked if I might see the Cross.

"See it, yes; come right in;" and we walked through the hall into a neatly furnished sitting-room, on the walls of which hung pictures of British war-vessels of fifty years ago. The old sailor stepped to the mantel, and taking down a small cardboard spool box, emptied the contents on the table. The blue ribbon from which the Cross was originally suspended is missing, having been "borrowed" by a relic-hunter several years ago; and it is now

attached by wire to a heavy watch chain, and bears the date "16 Nov., 1857." There were three other commemorative medals in the collection, two of the Crimean war and one of the Indian Mutiny.

"It's nothing to have a Cross now; they're as thick as peas," the old man said.

"Do you know," I said, "that there are thousands of officers in the British army and navy who are longing to

possess the medal that you have won; many of them, too, holding very high rank."

"Well," he answered slowly, "it isn't worth very much to a man after all, only ten pounds a year. If it wasn't for my regular navy pension of forty pounds a year besides I don't know how we'd get along here. The farm is small, and my two sisters live with me, you know."

GROWN BABY.

By Jean Blewett.

MY Lady examined the canvas critically. "For one who has left the pleasant plains of love and hope behind, and come into the land of grayness and perpetual weariness, your Mariana is a cheerful creature, I must say. She looks more like a town belle sitting for her photograph than like anything else. The subtle something which reaches down from a really great picture and takes hold of our imagination is wanting. Give us a bit of landscape, flowers, a group of children. Leave that sort of thing," with a contemptuous flourish of her fan toward the canvas, "to those who know what life is, what love is. You don't. You're not a woman, you're only a grown baby."

Grown Baby laughed, and My Lady noticed that it was a child's laugh, merry, sweet, free from any hint of tears.

"'Tis a pity," said My Lady, wheeling about and facing the other, "you can't stay just as happy and care free as you are. But 'tis you women—no, grown babies of thirty, who have never wasted blush or smile on any man, who love too hard, and fast, and long, and strong, when you set about it."

"And why not, if the right man comes along?" asked Grown Baby.

"Because there is no man worth it;

because—but what is the use casting pearls of worldly wisdom before such as you? You'll be able to paint pictures which will take hold of our emotions when you've learned your lesson, but you won't be able to laugh as you laugh to-day. Love is the best thing in life, they tell us. It ought to be; it exacts the highest price. If you were more like other women I wouldn't worry; but you're queer. The precocious girl who begins having 'affairs' when she's in short frocks is in no danger of conceiving a grand passion when she reaches womanhood, her poor little emotions are worn to shreds. But you—oh! 'tis in store for you."

"I don't see why I stand in special danger," protested the other.

"Because you're bound to be a spendthrift. No man deserves too much, but you'll never take his deserts into consideration."

My Lady looked at the bright face opposite, smiled, then sighed. "Let the time-and-eternity business alone." She went on: "Many a woman who starts out with the man of her choice on a pilgrimage of love which is to cover this world and the next finds herself travelling alone after the first few milestones are passed. There, I've criticized your picture and given you heaps of good advice, I must go now. Ponder my words, won't you?"

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Grown Baby said she would, but as she turned Mariana's face to the wall she thought more of the criticism than of the advice, much more.

The Right Man came. His dark eyes looked into her grey ones, yet neither knew as yet. They were friends, congenial, much together, but until that languid summer afternoon when they sat side by side on the sofa in her studio, reading a letter from a mutual friend, they were not lovers.

Her head almost touched his shoulder. Looking down he could see her warm cheeks, her white neck, the soft curves of her bosom. And she was so near him! "I love you," he cried, and drew her almost roughly into his embrace; "I love you." But she only trembled and grew pale. "Surely you love me," he urged; "give me a kiss, darling, just one."

"Wait," she whispered, "wait. I've never kissed anyone that way. It is like surrendering oneself. I'm afraid, and—"

"Look at me, straight at me—so."

Slowly, slowly the grey eyes lifted themselves to the dark ones, opened wide, filled with love's radiance, then drooped.

"My own!" he said, and their lips met. As they stood thus, Grown Baby passed away—in her stead was a woman alive to a thousand possibilities of joy and grief she had not dreamed of.

The woman was more desirable. Her face took on a new fairness with the passing days, her carriage a new grace, her eyes, in losing their old soft, childish expression, deepened and darkened into subtle beauty.

They were foolish after the fashion of lovers, these two. He said her love was the best of earth, was heaven, was everything to him. Over and over again he said it; she liked to remember this later on. She said—but what matter?

They had but one altercation. He was for giving her many gifts, and she would have none of them. "A man delights in giving to the woman of his choice," he argued, "and if she is wholly his she delights in receiving."

"Very well," she answered, "you may give me a watch, a tiny jewelled thing, which shall hang from a fine chain about my neck, and find a nest for itself over my heart. Every tick of it will be a message from you, telling me that time cannot touch your love or make you forget. 'Thinking of you! thinking of you!' it will whisper day and night."

"I will order it at once." He put the woman's two arms about his neck, and laid his cheek to hers.

"Why that long sigh?" he asked.

"I'm so happy," she answered, "so perfectly happy."

The harvest moon was kindling highways on the sand at their feet, on the sea stretched out before. Surely God took the radiant night in His hands and swung it softly down upon the world for lovers—only lovers.

"I believe I could paint a picture," she said.

"No," he laughed, "you are too happy."

There came a time when they had to dwell apart for a space. The eyes of both were full of tears when they kissed goodbye. He went back to his work, his responsibilities, his big ambitions—she stayed with her dreams. He loved her; there could be no other woman in the world for him he told himself often during the first weeks of separation. But circumstances control every man of the world to some extent, and circumstances, important, impelling circumstances, arose to keep him from her. These finally took on the guise of duty, and, pointing him straight away from that tender episode of the past summer, bade him forget—if he could forget.

So it came to pass that his letters grew less frequent. His promised visit was not paid; the love gift did not materialize. He was trying to tell her of the change without putting it into words. She was slow to understand, so slow she did not know the meaning of the unrest in her bosom. She counted over tender words and acts of his belonging to other days as a miser counts his hoard. She, who had never

cared to accept the smallest gift from any man, grew covetous of tokens of remembrance from him. She wanted to feel that he thought of her; wanted to know that she belonged to him.

"Suppose," she said to My Lady one day, "suppose a woman asks a certain gift of the man who loves her, and he forgets all about it after a time, ought she to remind him?"

"Not if she had the least bit of pride in the world," exclaimed My Lady. "If he really loved her he wouldn't forget, you know."

She didn't know, but a sharp, jealous pain—the first she had ever felt—went through her heart. What if those horrid things My Lady was always saying of the fickleness of men were true—what if—then the old faith asserted itself, the old, unbounded trust. "He will either bring it or send it at Christmas," she thought. The wish to have it, her first love gift, about her neck, known only to herself, grew to a positive longing. But though Christmas brought her many tokens from others it brought her no gift, or word, or message from the man who filled her life. After a long silence she sent him a letter of farewell, to which no answer came. This hurt. Ah how it hurt! A woman's love! worth all of earth and heaven to a man in the beginning, not worth a goodbye in the end.

She was brave, though, and had her pride. "The dear Lord who made me a woman must keep me one," she said, and no one guessed that it was because her heart was breaking she worked so steadily—and well.

The critics began to praise her pictures—people to pay court to her genius.

She did not write him again. "If there is not enough love and longing in a man's heart to draw him to the woman, no word of hers should bring him," she told herself. But always she saw his face, always she heard his voice, always she felt his touch. She belonged to him in spite of herself—in spite of him.

But she lived a busy, useful life, and so could not be wholly unhappy. When she painted her second Mariana her name was made. My Lady standing before the canvas gave a little gasp. "It's there," she cried, "that power which only God-given genius puts in a picture; it is pressing my throat to aching tightness now, and making my cheeks wet. O, the young face of her, with hopelessness in every line, and the great eyes—tired of the looking and the waiting—which say 'all the to-morrows shall be as to-day.' I can't understand your development, can't understand how you have grown so strong and yet kept your sweetness and serenity!"

The woman changed with the passing years. There came a droop to the lips, a shadow to the eyes, a plentiful sprinkling of grey about her temples. "I'm getting to be an old woman," she said lightly. "With so much to do yet, and time flying past at such a rate, I must improve each shining hour. I love to work for work's own sake."

Then she fell ill and died.

Into the room where she slept, a room softly lighted, and heavy with the breath of flowers came the Man the night before her burial. He looked long at her. She was so young! The dignity, the age, the shadows, the marks of suffering, all were gone. The Woman had disappeared—that soft little sleeper was Grown Baby. One curl fell over the forehead in the old fashion he remembered so well; on her lips was a smile of mingled wonder and sweetness, as if death in claiming her had whispered something she had been longing to know.

The man lifted a bunch of lily-of-the-valley from her bosom, and slipped beneath the silk and lace of her robe—what? The love token he was to have given her long ago.

"Goodbye, little girl—the sweetest thing God ever made," he cried, and went his way, leaving Grown Baby sleeping softly among the flowers.

The Snakes' Paradise



by W. A. Fraser



THE Borongo Islands lie about halfway between Calcutta and Rangoon. When the snakes die they go to the Borongos. That is their paradise; there they hold high carnival. I spent three years among them, and know of these things. From the giant python down to the deadly karait they are all there, all the ophidians. Even the salt-water snakes, that are all poisonous—they, too, are there.

Two Europeans had preceded me on the Borongos, so there was considerable natural history on tap when I arrived, and we rapidly acquired more. One can't live among snakes without studying them; they insist upon it.

An eternal war raged on the island between the forest growth and the sea. The jungle crept down from the hills and pre-empted every foot of land in sight; the sea rushed up and tried to wrest it from the grasp of the giant creeper and its more stately brothers of the timber growth. The little clearings, worked into tiny rice fields like yellow mosaics, by the natives, were but specks on the green map of the island's extent.

Our bungalow was built on disputed territory; a bit of sand beach inside of a barrier oyster reef, sea-swept at full tide, over which the hill streams spread a carpet of jungle debris when the rains were on and the tides were neap.

Upon my first introduction to the dining room, I observed a long-handled fish spear placed within easy reach. "Spear fish from the verandah?" I asked Mr. Cooke, nodding towards it.

"No; snakes," he replied laconically.

As we sat down to the table, I noticed Cooke and the other veteran raise their eyes instinctively, and scan the leaf roof.

"By Jove! there's one!" exclaimed Cooke, reaching for the spear. "Look out, you fellows!" and he deftly dislodged a long, big-headed green snake.

It was an arboreal, or tree snake, and poisonous. Then we ate our tiffin in peace.

Scarcely a day passed during the rainy season that one or more snakes were not killed in the bungalow. During the hot, dry months they burrowed; when the rains came they were flooded out of their holes, and were always heading for the pleasant shelter of our leaf thatch. Also, there were rats there for them to stalk. There was no ceiling to the bungalow, so we could plainly see the creatures coiled up between the leaves or lying along the bamboos of the roof. It wasn't exactly soothing to the nerves. No man went into a dark room without a light; no man put on a boot without first turning it upside down; nor was any one's bed left, day or night, without the strong mosquito curtain tucked in all around.

After I had been there about two weeks and my nerves had become the sum of my existence, I got my first fright. I was awakened from a sound sleep by a stinging pain in my thigh. As I awoke I threw my hands up, and a soft, mobile body went hurtling over my head against the mosquito net. I realized that I had been bitten by a snake. I did not wait to find the opening in the side of the curtain, but came away from that bed very fast. My room was dark, but in the next was a light. Without unnecessary delay I arrived in that room.

"Get up, Bell!" I said, "I've been bitten by a cobra."

"If you don't get out of here and let me sleep you'll be bitten by a club," responded Bell drowsily. That was because practical jokes had been our only form of amusement up to that time.

"For God's sake get up!" I begged him, and something in my voice told it was no joke this time.

Jumping up hastily he took the light and examined the spot where I had felt

the pain. There, sure enough, were two tiny punctures, such as a cobra's fangs would have made, fringed by a drop of red blood. Then Bell became frightened also. The talking had aroused Cooke in the next room. "What's the shindy, you fellows?" he inquired, sleepily, "Going to have a smoke?"

"I've been bitten by a cobra, and haven't an hour to live," I replied dramatically. "Come on, we'll kill him though," I added, and the others followed in ominous silence.

Cooke held the light and Bell lifted the curtain with commendable caution while I stood with a heavy stick ready to have my revenge. There was nothing to be seen.

"He's under the pillow—I threw him over my head."

Bell quickly turned the pillow over, and a dark body scuttled down the white sheet.

It was a rat!

"Let him go," I said. The stick dropped from my hand, the perspiration found its way through the closed, drawn pores of my forehead, and my heart went rippety-tat, a hundred and twenty to the minute. It's not good to feel that you've been bitten by a cobra.

One day Lah Boh, headman of the Mhug Coolies, brought me the startling information that a snake, about a hundred feet long, was lying in the jungle waiting to be caught. A couple of coolies, under Lah Boh's direction, prepared a snare. A rope was made fast to two long bamboos with a noose in the centre. Taking my twelve-bore to prevent a surprise from the big fellow, we followed Lah Boh. The snake was an immense python, about twenty feet long. He was lying evidently asleep, in the jungle. I sat on a log and held the gun on him, while the two Mhugs, each grasping one of the bamboos of the snare, edged along cautiously until they had slipped the noose over the sleeping monster's head. Then they pulled back, and as the rope tightened about his slim neck, bedlam let loose. The leaves swirled,

and branches flew, and it was as though some giant were snapping a yellow twenty-foot whip-lash in the hot Burmese sunlight. The two men rocked back and forth, nearly jerked off their feet at times. Lah Boh and I laid hold of the bamboos with them; and in the end the mottled thing, like a queer-patterned chain, was beaten. Then he sulked.

They dragged him out to the pathway in triumph. As he lay on the hard ground, his big ugly head flattened out, he seemed perfectly indifferent to our presence. He looked so lazy-like, that I went up and incautiously touched him on the nose with my foot. It was as wise as kicking a brick in a hat. Like the stroke of a boxer's arm his hideous head with the meerschaum colored fangs, shot out. Luckily Lah Boh was holding one of the bamboos, and, observing my approach, kept his end of the rope pretty taut. Even now I shudder as I think how close he came to my foot.

He was kept for a long time in a big box, and we fed him generously on chickens—too generously, for he died; and Gaylard, Barnum's man in the East, told me that we had over-fed him.

When we brought the python in, the evening of his capture, Ramia, an Ooriah, felt called upon to tell me a little of the habits of these big creatures.

He had known a python once, many yards in length it was, who had a tooth for fish. He would go to a large pond, twist his tail around a tree on one side, stretch his body across, grasp a tree on the other side with his teeth, and, swinging his body like a hammock back and forth, throw all the water out upon the land. Then, you see, he ate the fish.

Ramia watched my face narrowly when he had finished, and seeing that I believed, told me a second Ooriah tale. Another snake preferred deer and game of sorts. He bent down trees and vines and made two converging stockade-like fences, running far

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out into the jungle. Then he went out and beat up the surrounding country. When he had got everything on the run, he drove them into his funnel-like corral, and caught them down at the small end. I tried to believe this also, for Ramia's sake, but he told me no more.

There were also close calls in that place.

We were sitting on the verandah one evening, and, like men who are bottled up together, speedily got into a virulent argument over something that had happened in America. Three of us were in pyjamas, the usual evening dress; while Townsend, who had just come down from Akyab, had only taken his coat off, and was wearing a shirt with starched cuffs. This was a trivial thing, and we rather felt the innovation, but it had much to do with the subsequent events.

The argument had reached that point at which something had got to be done. A fight was out of the question; it was too hot for violent exercise.

"Look here, you fellows!" said Townsend, I can prove that you're all wrong."

Then he did what no other man in that bungalow ever did—went into his room without a light, and commenced fumbling about on the table for a paper. We heard a sharp cry—half anger, half fear; and the next instant he darted out on the verandah. "I've been struck on the arm by a snake," he gasped.

Bell reached down the swinging lantern, and we explored for the trail of the serpent.

"Here, about the cuff," said Townsend. And there right enough, on the starch-stiffened cuff, half an inch from his wrist, were two little pin-like pricks, with a greenish-yellow circling them where the poison had dried into the linen. That was all; there was no mark on the arm—not a scratch. We went in and interviewed the snake with a light, and a couple of sticks. He was lying coiled up on a small inclined hand mirror which stood on the table. As Townsend reached for the

paper the snake had struck. It was a karait, most feared of all snakes by the natives. They say that if a man looks steadily for a long time into the eye of a karait, he will go stark, staring mad. The eye is small, red, and perfectly devoid of expression.

Later on my companions went to other parts.

Each evening I killed an hour or so of the monotony by walking up and down the path in front of the bungalow. A big cat was my usual companion. His method of introducing himself to my notice was generally abrupt. He would lie in wait, and, as I came along, spring out upon me, alighting against one of my legs. At other times he would lie on his back in the path and claw at my feet as I passed.

One evening just after turning into the path from the bungalow, I felt something soft and yielding against my foot. Thinking it was "Billy," I gave the mass a gentle push. As I shifted the something, I saw a twisting gleam of white, not at all like the soft grey of Billy's fur. Of course I knew what that meant. Jumping back I brought down my walking stick on the twisting thing, and yelled for a light. The servants came running from the cook-house with a lantern, and I saw that I had laid out a most villainous daboia. One touch from the cat-like fangs on my cotton-hosed instep, and within an hour I would have been dead.

One of our party had occasion to visit a Mr. Savage, a half-caste land owner on the other side of the island. He went in a boat; and while the coolies were bringing up his traps, went up to the bungalow. He was sitting in a big chair on the verandah, talking to Savage, when he felt something drop from the leaf-roof on his shoulder. Leisurely he started to rise to see what had fallen, when the other man cried out, "For God's sake don't move—keep perfectly still!" Dunlop knew what that meant.

Stealthily the old man took a Bur-

mese dah (sword) from the wall, and, cat-like, crept toward the white man with the thing on his shoulder. Within striking distance he paused, and raised the dah high in the air to cut the thing in two with one swift downward stroke. Then his nerve, rattled and tugged at for sixty years until it was weak, failed him, and the sword clattered from his numbed fingers to the floor.

"My God! I can't do it," he whined, in a broken voice; and reeled back against the wall, where he stood staring with weak eyes at the sahib and his burden.

Dunlop neither moved nor spoke; his only safety lay in keeping perfectly still—motionless. It might be minutes, or a thousand years; they would have to wait till the boatmen came. What would happen then he could not say. He could feel the clinging, pulling thing on his right shoulder. There was an undulating pressure that told him the head of the snake was swaying back and forth just above his neck.

Then the song of the Madrassi boatmen as they came swinging along with his luggage, broke upon his ear. Those gin-thickened voices, carolling the coarse refrain to the time of the measured trot were angel voices. What would the muddle-brained coolies do, he wondered. If Emir Ally, his trusted servant, saw the thing it might be well; he had nerve and judgment even close to that of a sahib.

Emir Ally was in the lead. When he came to the steps, Savage jerked out an expression that called his attention to the tableau. Gathering his loongy tight about his loins, he slipped along the verandah like a shadow, grasped the fallen dah, and, poising his black, lithe body for swift, strong stroke, brought the sword through the air with a swishing cut that laid a full-grown cobra in two neat pieces almost at the feet of the man who had waited.

Once an evil spirit whispered to one of our party, Ben, stationed at Kyouk Phyou, and he bought a pair of king-

cobras (hamadryas) for fifteen rupees. They were very rare, and he meant to send them to the London Zoo. They were a beautiful pair, each being about ten feet long. They were put in a box with slats up the front, and for a time it seemed an interesting investment.

Kyouk Phyou is an old penal settlement, and most of the native workers are exiled murderers, or worse. Ben's brother was married, and his cook, Sundoo, was a past master in crime. But as a cook he was satisfactory—until his horoscope came into conjunction with the cobras. The Master was away, and the Memsahib was alone in the bungalow, when Sundoo took it upon himself to become suffused with gin, or arrack, or something that made him aspire to great things. He spoiled the dinner, but that was nothing—a trifle; not at all worthy of Sundoo, and Sundoo drunk. He threw the spoiled dinner away, and drank out of a black bottle.

Rama! but he wanted to do something—then he thought of the cobras. That was because of the black bottle. He got them both out of the box, somehow, and twined them, Medusa-like, about his neck and arms. They knew he was drunk—just as a horse knows—and did not hurt him. When the Memsahib told the butler to bring in the dinner, he went out to the cook-house, and looked in at the bamboo door where sat Sundoo with the cobras on his shoulders. Then he ran diligently across the fields—many acres of fields—before he stopped.

Presently the Memsahib called loudly for her dinner, and the cook went in with his two friends. It was a terrible thing to do; but Sundoo had taken gin or arrack, or something from the black bottle, and with drunken miscalculation thought the Memsahib would be pleased with the exhibition. When she fainted, it occurred to him that he had failed in his efforts to amuse; so he went back, cheaply enough, and put the king-cobras in the box, scolding them for having frightened his mistress.

It is not written in any book what

punishment Sundoo got for that when the sahib came home; but Sundoo knows. He will never forget.

After that the hamadryas were sent up to my bungalow at the Borongos. I did not know that their sole article of diet was other snakes, and tried them with rats, mice, frogs and birds; but they would eat none of them.

One day a dissipated young rock-snake, about four feet long, swaggered into the bungalow. Now the hamadryas had always appeared as though they were spoiling for a fight, so I transferred the larrikin to their box. His advent started a civil war; the two cobras rolled up their sleeves and went at it; while the new comer cowered in a corner, with his head hidden under the folds of his body.

It was a terrible battle. They grabbed each other by the neck with their fangs and coiled their bodies together; they threshed up and down the big box until one was beaten. The defeated cobra slunk into a corner, coiled himself up and strove to hide his head under the coils, as the rock snake had done. The victor stood over him, striking viciously upon the slightest movement on his part. Then, when thoroughly convinced that all the fight had been knocked out of his mate, the conqueror pulled the intruder from the other corner by his head and swallowed him. It took about six minutes for him to accomplish this feat.

All the bones in a snake's head are loose, and they can even shove one maxillary, or side of the jaw, forward, independent of the other; and the cobra shoved this snake straight down his throat by means of these flexible teeth. That solved the food question. After that when snakes strolled into the bungalow, they wound up in the hamadryas' box. There was always a battle, and always a feast afterwards.

They were very pugnacious, those two, and sometimes fought each other when there was really no purse in sight. When I caught them at this

I used to pull the slide door in the top of the box and whip them with a small cane.

Every morning the servants soused the box with water to cleanse it. One day while it was being washed out, I heard a great commotion, and cries of "The big snake is out!" The servants all fled except a China-Burmo lad named "Joe." He told me the cobra had gone into the provision room. I rigged up a short bamboo snare, and went on a shikar for the naga. I found him among some cocoanuts on the floor. When I went in he raised his body about two feet, and hissed loudly. I tapped him on the nose with the bamboo, and, remembering the whippings I had given him in the box, he dropped and glided in and out among the cocoanuts. But he was too clever to stick his head in my bamboo noose; he went under it, and over it, but never through it. Once or twice he raised up threateningly, but a tap from the bamboo brought him down again.

At last, just as he had evaded a carefully planned trap, and was gliding by, I impatiently forgot all caution, and, possessed of a sudden impulse, darted out my hand, and grabbed him by the neck. My hold was so close to his head that there was no chance of his striking me while I held on. I could feel the pulling back of his muscles, and gripped him with much strength.

As I emerged from the store-room even Joe took to his heels.

The problem of how I was to get rid of his snakeship bothered me considerably as I trailed him toward the box, at arm's length, to prevent his reaching my body. At the box I pulled the upper slide, put his head at the opening, and, feeling his muscles set in that direction, released my hold and stepped back quickly. He glided quietly in, I closed the lid and took a big lungful of air. It is not a pleasant thing to capture a cobra with the bare hand.

Standing behind my chair at tiffin, Joe asked me in an awed voice, "Master not afraid of snake?"

"No," I replied scornfully, "no snake hurt me." But then you see Joe had also taken to the jungle and had not seen my face when I was loaded up with the beastly thing.

Cooke was a man of much guileless faith, and once, when I was away, a snake charmer came along and persuaded him to loan him the hamadryas for a few days; he would break them in and bring them back. Perhaps he did break them in—we never knew.

The hamadryas is wonderfully like a bulldog. He is pugnacious in the extreme—always ready to fight. He is the most terrible snake among all the ophidia; he is big and strong and quick, and his venom is as fatal as that of the cobra di capello. But with all this he seems to have the same tolerant good nature towards those he feels have a right over him that the bulldog possesses. The snake charmer finds him docile. Here is an authentic incident:

A friend of mine living in Kyouk Phyou, had a little boy about six years old, who used to play beneath the bungalow. He often chattered about his playmate, the snake; but no attention was paid to this. One day the father saw the boy squatted on the sand under the bungalow throwing pebbles and little sticks at a huge hamadryas, which was gliding about, not offering to hurt the little fellow. But when the man appeared, the cobra became enraged and attacked him, causing him to beat a hasty retreat. He got his gun, and shot the king-cobra dead.

It seemed that the hamadryas had been nesting in one of the numerous rat holes under the bungalow, and the boy had often played with him. He declared there were two of the snakes there, but if I remember right they never saw the other one.

The *Daboia russellii* is a sluggish beast, and yet possessed of a devilish quickness. You may step over him, and he will lie apparently asleep,

touch him and he will strike with the rapidity of lightning, and the fatalness of a Borgia. The danger from the daboia and his brother in sin, the karait, is great because of their lethargic iniquity. The cobra will get out of the way if he can; these two will not. I have often brought my foot down on the neck of a daboia as he lay in the sun, and watched the ugly, squirming head with its big fangs like a cat's claws.

When I was stationed in the jungle back of Kyouk Phyou, a friend wrote asking for a good specimen of the daboia. He wanted him put in a bottle of alcohol, without being smashed up any. In a short time I secured a snake from the roof of the henhouse, and carried him into my verandah. I got a large pickle bottle, and tried to shove him into the neck of it with a pair of short fire tongs. The snake was intensely sluggish, and I grew a little careless. Presently the tongs slipped from his neck, and as I reached to catch him again he struck.

His action was so quick that I had no time to draw back the sixteenth of an inch; but I think his body must have come in contact with the tongs as I held them out, for somehow he just failed to get home. I fancy that the nasal plates of his armoured head touched my thumb.

On one occasion the sister of one of our party spent a few days on the Borongos. She slept in a small bungalow beside ours. The second morning, just after daylight, we were startled by piercing screams from the little bungalow, and rushed out in time to see her come headlong from her quarters, in sleeping garments only. It was the usual thing—a snake.

When she first opened her eyes she discovered a huge reptile six feet long coiled on top of the mosquito curtain just over her face. The warmth of her breath had evidently attracted him to that spot. He was promptly killed.

The little tales that I have told here of snakes' ways are absolutely true. There are others in connection with the natives, more horrible, dealing with the death of the poor creatures from snake bite.

Emir Ally's father was killed on the Borongo by a huge python—crushed to death; and others of the natives were killed also. Yearly in India a matter of 20,000 die of snake bite. I never knew of but one man to recover—and his recovery was only partial, I fancy.

Dr. Vincent Richards, who was a great authority on poisonous snakes, in Calcutta, was showing a cobra to a friend. He was holding the snake by the neck with his right hand and pointing at the fangs with the left, when the reptile suddenly struck him on the end of the finger. He had all the appliances at hand, and took prompt action. He recovered, and I saw him a few weeks afterward. But he died in about a year, and friends assured me that he never fully worked off the poison.

Science stops when confronted with the virus of the cobra—it can do nothing. Permanganate of potassium, ammonia, alcohol and the other vain things which have been tried, are all

futile. There is no hope once the poison enters the blood—and this it does with frightful rapidity. Even the mongoose, the natural enemy of the snake, must depend solely upon his agility. Quick as the cobra is, the little creature who flies at his head so fearlessly, is quicker, and crushes his skull with strong sharp teeth. But let those terrible fangs induct the Borgian fluid into the blood of the mongoose, and he, too, must pay the penalty of his temerity.

And the evil does not stop with the death of the victim, for the poisoned blood is quite as virulent, if injected, as the original death fluid. It is true that the immediate amputation of a toe or finger may prevent the induction of the virus into the vascular system, but the action must take place at once. The snake uses this awful weapon to capture his food victim—the poison paralyzes the quarry, and the snake swallows it at his leisure. The poison has no effect upon the reptile, either taken into the stomach or injected into its blood by another snake. The poisonous snakes do not kill each other by means of the poisons, but an innocuous serpent dies quickly when struck by a poisonous one.

LIFE'S STREAM.

WHETHER our life's a stream which gaily flows
 'Tween mossy banks where the blue violet grows,
 Or rushes angrily where deep rocks lie
 And white-sailed shadows quivering fade and die,
 To the same ocean we all flow at last,
 Our fair green banks or muddy channels past;
 And when in rainbow beams we softly lie
 We know not which is fairer, you or I.

Helen Baptie Lough.

ROBERT GRANT HALIBURTON.

By Lieut.-Col. George T. Denison.

ON the 6th March last at Pass Christian, on the Gulf of Mexico, there passed away one of Canada's most loyal and devoted sons. Robert Haliburton, eldest son of the celebrated author of "Sam Slick," was in many respects a most remarkable man. He was a master of lore ancient and modern regarding the Pleiades and many other recondite subjects, and among the scientific men of many learned societies he was highly esteemed, his papers and essays showing great research and deep thought. The side of his character, however, which led to my acquaintance with him, and caused a life-long intimate friendship between us was his intense patriotism, his thorough Canadianism, his loyalty to his sovereign and his heartfelt devotion to the cause of the unity of the Empire.

In April, 1868, during the Parliamentary session, I was in Ottawa on business for several weeks. The late W. A. Foster, Q.C., was there at the same time—our mutual friend, Henry J. Morgan, the well-known author, then in the Civil Service, was at that time living at Buck and Sanger's Hotel, and we often spent our evenings in his room. Here we met Haliburton and Chas. Mair, who afterwards wrote "Tecumseh." A warm friendship rapidly sprang up, and we were a great deal together. Confederation was then a very recent event, and naturally exerted a great influence upon the imagination of young Canadians. We were all about the same age, under thirty, except Haliburton, who was a few years older, and it is an interesting fact that the constant topic of conversation was the future welfare of Canada. This was discussed evening after evening from every point of view, with the result that we made a solemn pledge to each other that we would as a primary

duty do all in our power, collectively, and individually, to advance the interests of Canada. Shortly afterwards the idea was crystallized in the motto we assumed "Canada First," meaning that Canada as a nation was to be put before party or personal interests.

Haliburton was the first to exert his great abilities in the cause. There were difficulties in the way in those early days of Confederation, and a good deal of friction in Nova Scotia particularly, and as a distinguished Nova Scotian his pleas for unity and consolidation were of great value. His pamphlet on "Intercolonial Trade, the only Safeguard against Disunion and the true means of cementing the Confederation," attracted the attention and interest of our leading statesmen, and was quoted with high approval in the House of Commons by the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee in the last speech he ever made, only a few hours before his assassination. Haliburton followed this by a lecture on "The Men of the North and their Place in History," with the object of showing that the Canadians were the Northmen of the New World, and sure to become a dominant race. The conclusion of this lecture was a poem on "The North," which was of high merit. The whole object of the lecture was the encouragement of a national spirit in Canadians as Canadians.

The first practical question that naturally arose was the necessity for bringing the Hudson's Bay Territory and British Columbia into the Confederation. This was advocated in all available ways. Charles Mair went to Fort Garry late in 1868 and wrote a series of letters to the *Toronto Globe* descriptive of the new country, extolling its capabilities and advocating a migration of the Canadian farmers to its fertile plains. These letters fore-

telling the future progress of the territories were freely copied and eagerly read in Ontario and the Maritime Provinces and prepared public opinion to insist upon the incorporation of the North-West into the Dominion.

There were many hostile elements to face. The people of Lower Canada foresaw the future influence and power of the new provinces which would arise in the West, and were quite willing to delay matters. The Hudson's Bay Company were not anxious to lose the control over half a continent which they had enjoyed for about two hundred years to their great profit, and the efforts to create a national spirit in Ontario and to awaken the enthusiasm of its people in favour of expansion were therefore very necessary and valuable.

Mair enlisted Dr. Schultz, of Fort Garry, (afterwards Sir John Schultz) in our association and gave him a letter of introduction to me, and I introduced him to Foster, and also to Haliburton who at the time happened to be staying a few days with me. This was in the summer of 1869. That autumn Riel's first rebellion broke out, and Schultz and Mair were among the first to be imprisoned by him. It was generally thought that Riel intended to put both to death, for he made threats to that effect. Mair and Schultz, however, both effected perilous escapes, and made their way by widely different routes to Toronto. The agitation that was at once organized in favour of sending an expedition to the North-West was the work of the "Canada First" group which had been augmented by the accession of a number of young men. Hugh Scott, George Kingsmill, Richard Grahame, James D. Edgar, Thomas Walmsley, Joseph E. Macdougall, Dr. Canniff and George M. Rae were prominent among them. Public meetings were organized and articles written for the press which soon led the Government to conclude that the public feeling in Ontario would stand no trifling. Haliburton did his full part in this work. His poem, "A Voice from a Prairie Grave," on the death of Thomas Scott, who was

executed by Riel, was very powerfully written. The first and last verses I recall.

'Twas an old, old tale! For the peoples'
good
'Tis meet that he should die,
And they led him forth to a lonely spot
Under a wintry sky;
To a lone, lone spot, through the trackless
snow,
No help, no pity near;
The very messenger of peace
A minister of fear.
But God is just, and heaven is nigh,
And the cry of the slain
That haunted Cain,
Will rise to a God on high.

That still small voice from a prairie grave,
It has reached the ocean shore.
From heart to heart, from lip to lip,
It echoes evermore.
Like the voice of many waters—Hark!
The roar of the storm we hear,
"Thrice, thrice ten thousand, we've ne'er
served
The Baal whom ye fear;
For God is just, and heaven is nigh,
And the cry of the slain
That haunted Cain,
Has reach'd to a God on high."

The expedition was decided upon, and was sent under Colonel (now Lord) Wolseley in May, 1870. The "Canada First" committee were jocularly called among themselves "The Twelve Apostles," (for the organization was quite secret so far as the public was concerned).

We were constantly considering the danger of intrigues to prevent or delay the bringing in of the North-West Territories. Now that it is all an accomplished fact it is hard to realize the anxieties and forebodings of that time, and the dread of complications which then appeared quite possible to the minds of the more thoughtful. Haliburton, as anxious as the rest of us, happened to be at Niagara Falls on his way to England in July, 1870, when he obtained by chance some important information which was promptly conveyed to "The Twelve Apostles" through Dr. Schultz.

In 1899, Haliburton printed a statement of his connection with the affair,

which he circulated among a few of his friends. It is worth quoting in full as an interesting contribution to that period of Canadian history :

HOW A CABINET SECRET LEAKED OUT, AND THE RESULT.

Soon after the Red River Expedition was sent in 1870 by the Canadian Government there were persistent sinister rumours that the Government was going to make the Expedition "a fool's-errand" by issuing an amnesty ; but weeks elapsed and nothing was done and loyal Canadians began to breathe more freely. At this critical period, harassed by Ontario and Quebec, Sir John Macdonald, in consequence of a fit of illness (a misfortune which had its redeeming and sunny side, as it saved him from a terribly trying ordeal in store for him) had to hand over the destinies of the Dominion to Sir George Cartier, who lost no time in acting on the principle of "making hay while the sun shines," as was unexpectedly forced on my attention.

In July, 1870, I was starting for England, via New York ; and as the Governor-General and his suite were at the Clifton House, Niagara Falls, I thought I would stop over on my way and see him about an important point that had apparently not been thought of, viz., the danger that the French laws of Quebec would be introduced into the North-West ; but I was greatly surprised at finding that the Vice-Regal party had two or three days previously migrated to a smaller hotel at the Suspension Bridge, and I felt convinced that there must have been something at the bottom of this odd move.

Next morning I hunted up Sir John Young, and when I had broached the subject I was interested in, he interrupted me by saying, "I expect Sir George Cartier, Archbishop Taché, and Governor Archibald to meet me here on Friday next." (He must have just got a telegram to that effect from the Cabinet, which met that day.)

At once the whole truth flashed upon me,— "His visitors will be on their way through the United States to Fort Garry, to head off Colonel Wolseley with an amnesty. The place of meeting is a safe one for them, as in a minute or two they can 'skip' over to the United States, and be out of reach of the people of Canada."

I was so sure that I was right, and felt so indignant, that I made no comments, and asked no questions, but at once reverted to the subject of the respective merits of English and French legal systems ; and I no doubt surprised him by my apparent lack of interest in Canadian affairs of State. In a minute or two I bade him goodbye, after an interview of about a quarter of an hour, and, hurrying to the telegraph office, I sent Dr. (afterwards Sir John) Schultz, who was then at London, Ont., the following telegram, so far as I can recollect :

"Confidential. Sir George Cartier, Archbishop Taché, and Governor Archibald meet the Governor-General here on Friday. Mischief is afloat. Am writing to you.

R. G. HALIBURTON."

I then wrote to him as to the conspiracy which I felt sure was on foot against the future of the great North-West ; and I begged him to notify "The Twelve Apostles" at Toronto, (the leaders of the Canada First party), to be ready to strike a blow the moment they might find my forecast confirmed.

It proved correct, and my warning was in time.

It is probable that my telegram reached Dr. Schultz, and the Twelve Apostles were on the *qui vive*, before the Cabinet meeting had adjourned !

My connection with these matters only lasted from twenty minutes to half an hour ; and when I left for New York, I bade good-bye to this subject and left it behind me in good hands.

In justice to Sir John Young, it may safely be assumed that, had he not been kept in the dark as to what was coming, he would have been more reticent. Evidently the strings were being pulled by his Private Secretary, Turville, who was in full accord with Sir George Cartier's views, and who married Lady Lisgar after Lord Lisgar's death.

It is now a matter of history, that in consequence of a furious indignation meeting having been held at Toronto, Sir John Young did not dare to send any one through the United States to Fort Garry. So Archibald had to try an all-Canadian route, the "Snow Road," and in time proved the truth of the adage, that "a stern chase is a long one." One of the reasons for this I heard years afterwards in England from one of "The Twelve Apostles," Colonel G. T. Denison, who had promptly sent word to Wolseley to hurry up, as Archibald was after him with an amnesty.

In consequence of my having been the guest of friends of mine in England, who were relatives of Sir John Young, it seemed possible that he might have been more cordial and communicative than he would otherwise have been, so I made up my mind to adopt a policy of silence and self-effacement in relation to the unlooked-for part, which an odd chance had so strangely thrust upon me.

By an equally odd chance, a few minutes after I had sent my telegram, I was in the United States, *en route* to London, England, where I intended to reside. Had I remained in Canada, a prolonged silence on my part as to this subject would have been difficult. Sir John Young became Lord Lisgar and I think was dead when I returned to Canada. I then met Sir John Schultz, who at once spoke of the Red River Expedition. "No one," he said, "has been able to conjecture how we got hold of a profound Cabinet secret, and that too so promptly, that we were able to

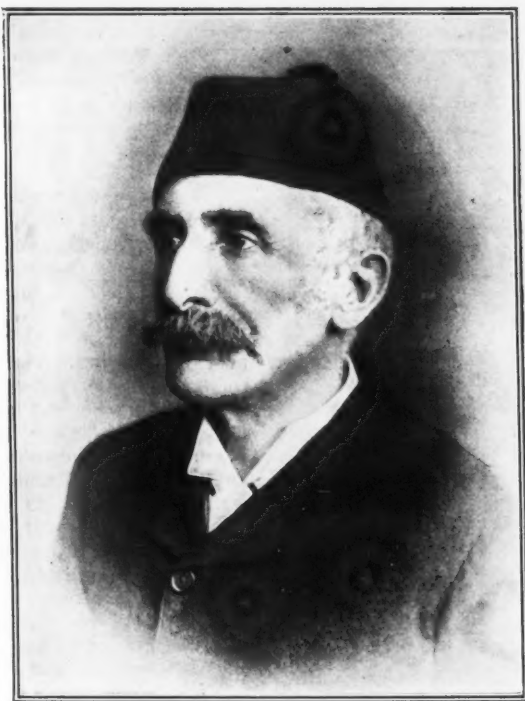


PHOTO BY WESTON & SON, DOVER

ROBERT GRANT HALIBURTON

checkmate the government as to the amnesty. They are as much puzzled as we are."

To this I replied, "You seem to have a bad memory." I then recalled my telegram from Niagara, and his being at that time at London, Ont.

The whole story then came back to him. The telegram was "confidential," and he had locked up the secret very carefully, and had lost the key!

It is interesting to reflect on what would have happened, if the clue which Sir John Young gave me had not been grasped by me, or if I had not acted promptly on it, and in the right quarter. The future of half a continent would have been mortgaged; and Colonel Wolseley would have been made a laughing-stock, and might never have won his peerage; while a race war might have grown out of these questions, compared with which that in South Africa would now seem a trifle.

Another peerage, that of Lord Lisgar, would never have been heard of if at the time of these events I had put in print that Sir John Young's chatter had saved the North-West.

R. G. HALIBURTON.

Toronto, Oct. 13th, 1899.

Haliburton remained in England until 1876, but he still kept true to his pledge to his "Canada First" comrades, and earnestly advocated the cause of Canada and Imperial Unity at a time when in England there was great coolness shown towards the Colonies. In May, 1872, he published in the *St. James' Magazine* "The Dream of the United Empire Loyalists of 1776," a most powerful article afterwards reproduced in pamphlet form, which exercised an important influence. He followed this up by purchasing the magazine and giving it a second title, *The United Empire Review*, and not only in its pages, but in lectures and in speeches during the general election, he brought before the English people strong arguments in favour of the unity of the Empire.

He returned to Canada in 1876, but in 1881 was obliged by ill-health to give up his law practice and spend his



R. G. HALIBURTON, AS LIEUT.-COL. AND
A.D.C. TO THE MARQUIS OF NORMAN-
BY, GOVERNOR OF NOVA SCOTIA

winters in semi-tropical climates. I did not see much of him during the last twenty years, but we corresponded, and I received from time to time letters from all sorts of places—Egypt, Morocco, St. Helena, the West Indian Islands, etc.; occasionally able and learned papers prepared for and published by scientific and learned societies would come, always most interesting, showing great research and deep and original thought. A list of these will be found in Morgan's "Canadian Men and Women of the Time." His articles on the Pleiades and the survival of Dwarf Races attracted the attention of learned men in many countries, and the Ninth Congress of Orientalists awarded him a medal for his discoveries. He was elected to a number of scientific societies in England, Denmark, Portugal, Canada and Egypt, and was at one time on the Council of the Royal Colonial Institute.

While engaged in this class of work his mind was constantly turning towards Canada and the Empire, his letters always showing his keen interest in these patriotic questions. His letters to the public on the defences of St. Helena, and on the importance of that post to the Empire, attracted the attention of leading statesmen.

He came to Canada to attend the British Association meeting in 1884, and made two or three visits subsequently. On each visit he seemed to be rapidly aging. He spent the last two summers, or parts of them, in Toronto, where he had bought a house, but his health was shattered, his hearing very defective, and his condition generally alarmed his old friends who could not fail to see the end approaching. His interest in public affairs, however, was as keen as ever, and he was as earnest in his devotion to his native country as when in his prime we first worked together. I saw him last September, shortly before he left for the south, and felt very doubtful if he would ever return. He passed away, as I have said, on the 6th March in his 70th year, a true-hearted, unselfish Canadian, who kept his word to the last, and put the interests of his native country in the front rank in all his thoughts.

The following extract from one of his lectures in opposition to annexation will give an idea of the depth of his patriotism and his power of expressing it:—

"Whenever we lower those we love into the grave, we entrust them to the bosom of our country as sacred pledges that the soil that is thus consecrated by their dust, shall never be violated by a foreign flag or the foot of a foe. And whenever the voice of disloyalty whispers in our ear, or passing discontent tempts us to forget those who are to come after us, or those who have gone before, the leal, the true and the good, who cleared our forests and made the land they loved a heritage of plenty and peace for us and for our children, a stern voice comes echoing on through thirty centuries, a voice from a mighty nation of the past, that long ages has slumbered on the banks of the Nile, 'accursed be he who holds not the ashes of his fathers sacred, and forgets what is due from the living to the dead.'"



JEAN N. MCILWRAITH

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

XXIV.—MISS JEAN N. MCILWRAITH.

NOTHING is more necessary to a writer than to have had a childhood full of life and feeling, happy or unhappy as the case may be, for, unfortunately, the one will do as well as the other so long as the child who is to be an artist in words enters into life with zest. Miss McIlwraith had an almost ideal childhood for observation. "Cairnbrae," on the shores of Burlington Bay, with its ample spaces and free air, and its sweet, old-fashioned garden, made a home that anyone might long to remember. Mr. McIlwraith, her father, is the foremost ornithologist of Canada, his book,

"The Birds of Ontario," having had a wide circulation; and he was usually accompanied on his expeditions by one or more of the children: in this way they learned how enchanting Nature may be when she is approached as the mistress of knowledge. The nearby shores of lake Ontario, the windswept Bay, the beautiful Canadian woods, and the rock escarpment that makes Hamilton one of the most picturesque cities in Ontario, were an inexhaustible treasure-house to the gay and hearty descendants of an old Scottish stock. One of the most striking features of the home in "Cairnbrae"

at the present time is Mr. McIlwraith's fine collection of native birds, skilfully mounted in cases by the collector himself who with unfailing interest will furnish the enquirer with information from the fund of lore in bird life, for which he is justly famous.

Just what such a life, with its mornings dawning on the lake, and the songs of the birds in the apple trees of the garden marking the end of the day, meant to the daughter whose heart was leaping already to what Tennyson has called "The Gleam," may be imagined. Full of purpose, of strength for mind and body, simplicity, knowledge, and hope, with the beauty of nature perpetually unfolding before eyes that were being trained to observe her—what more could anyone wish for a child?

These, however, were not the only influences which Miss McIlwraith was moulded by in "Cairnbrae." On both sides of the house the McIlwraiths are Scotch, intensely Scotch, if one may be allowed to use what seems to be a tautological expression, considering how universally Scotchmen are intense when their nationality is concerned. Mr. and Mrs. McIlwraith came to Canada from Ayr, and were both descended in the direct line from "freemen," followers of Bruce who had fought with him at Bannockburn and had been rewarded with certain lots called "freedoms" on the sea coast at Ayr. Miss McIlwraith inherits from her mother an inimitable Scotch wit, and an irrepressible buoyancy that meets life and duty, no matter in what form they present themselves, as blithely as if every day was a holiday. "The Curious Career of Roderick Campbell," announced by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin in their spring publications, owes more, perhaps, than any other of Miss McIlwraith's books to her mother. The philosophic and witty sayings in many instances have been expressions of the clever Ayr gentlewoman who never lost the inflections of the speech of her childhood nor the strong native characteristics of her early home. The bond

between Miss McIlwraith and her mother was always one of unusual fidelity and understanding; it grew, if possible, more close in later years when nothing could tempt Miss McIlwraith away from her mother's side at "Cairnbrae" for more than a few hours at a time. The daughter had the satisfaction of knowing that her mother's comfort and happiness depended largely on her; but this in itself made the break all the harder to bear when it came as it did only a few months ago in the beginning of February of this year.

Miss McIlwraith's training has been largely individual; her characteristic ability has not been sacrificed to a school system, a misfortune that is supposed by some to be rapidly overwhelming Canadians. She studied intermittently with the Queen Margaret Correspondence Classes, a Glasgow University extension movement of advanced standing. In this way Miss McIlwraith was thoroughly trained in the work she herself prefers, literary criticism, and formed the habits of intellectual thoroughness and industry which make historical novel writing with her the work of a student and not the hastily prepared subject of one who covers a lack of knowledge with a dazzle of sword-play.

Miss McIlwraith has an unusual capacity for work; but this is not marked by anything laborious or heavy in her writing which is composed by an accurate, light and skilful hand. Her intellectual powers are of a high order; her literary judgment is good, and everything that she writes is full of delightful humour.

The books by which her reputation was first made are "A Book About Shakespeare," "A Book About Longfellow," and "Canada," volumes written for young people which give comprehensive and pleasing accounts of their various subjects. They contain also criticism which is a model of fairness and moderation, and, when her intellectual sympathy is aroused, no ordinary degree of analytic perception. In partnership with Mr. William



MISS MCILWRAITH'S HOME IN HAMILTON

McLennan, of Montreal, Miss McIlwraith wrote that charming story "The Span o' Life," which appeared as a serial in *Harper's Magazine* and has continued to delight a large public in book form. "The Span o' Life" was a story of across the seas and Canada, and while it is idle to speculate on the part each author had in its preparation, it must have served as a valuable experience to Miss McIlwraith in forming the plot of her next story which already has been referred to, "The Curious Career of Roderick Campbell." The reputation of the firms who are publishing it—Houghton, Mifflin of Boston, and Constable & Company of London—is so high that any novel issued by them must be considered unusually good. Of Miss McIlwraith's work in Roderick Campbell they speak enthusiastically, promising the public entertainment and interest and a somewhat unusual

character for a hero. Roderick Campbell is boldly described at the outset by the author as being "fat, bald and forty," and a hater of women; but he has compensating traits, follows the Prince in the Forty-Five, crosses the sea after the defeat at Culloden, and sees the Black Watch in its famous charge at Ticonderoga—Stevenson's Ticonderoga—

"There fell a war in a woody place,
Lay far across the sea,
A war of the march in the mirk midnight
And the shot from behind the tree,
The shaven head and the painted face,
The silent foot in the wood,
In the land of a strange, outlandish tongue
That was hard to be understood."

"The Curious Career of Roderick Campbell" can bear comparison with any recent historical novel in regard to its construction, its unflinching adventure, and its accuracy. But the character of Roderick himself is the

point in which Miss McIlwraith excels. Given a certain talent for writing and some experience in it, it does not seem to be difficult to write a historical novel. But the personality of Roderick needs more than that. No writer who was without the power of making people could have conceived this town-guard of Edinburgh who is far from wishing to be conspicuous in a fight and yet cannot keep away from war, either social or military; who is bored by women and loves children; finds the North American Indian mode of existence rather agreeable; and is

consistent to the last page of the book. Roderick Campbell is, in short—barring his objection to risking his own skin—very much the kind of Scotchman who found life in the backwoods of America irresistible when the Old Country became too thoroughly civilized for his taste.

Although Miss McIlwraith herself prefers criticism, "The Curious Career of Roderick Campbell" will confirm many of her admirers in the opinion that it would be a mistake for her to devote more of her time to that than to fiction.

Marjory MacMurchy.

WILD MOTHERHOOD.

By Charles G. D. Roberts.

WITH DRAWINGS BY ARTHUR HEMING.

THE deep snow in the moose-yard was trodden down to the moss, and darkly soiled with many days of occupancy. The young spruce and birch trees which dotted the trodden space were cropped of all but their toughest and coarsest branches, and the wall of loftier growth which fenced the yard was stripped of its tenderer twigs to the utmost height of the tall bull's neck. The available provender was all but gone, and the herd was in that restlessness which precedes a move to new pastures.

The herd of moose was a small one—three gaunt, rusty-brown, slouching cows, two ungainly calves of a lighter hue, and one huge, high-shouldered bull, whose sweep of palmated antlers bristled like a forest. Compared with the towering bulk of his forequarters, the massive depth of his rough-maned neck, the weight of the formidable antlers, the length and thickness of his clumsy, hooked muzzle with its prehensile upper lip—his lean and frayed hindquarters looked grotesquely diminutive. Surprised by three days of blinding snowfall, the great bull-moose had been forced to establish the yard for his herd in an unfavourable neigh-

bourhood; and now he found himself confronted by the necessity of a long march through snow of such softness and depth as would make swift movement impossible and fetter him in the face of his enemies. In deep snow the moose can neither flee nor fight, at both of which he is adept under fair conditions; and deep snow, as he knew, is the opportunity of the wolf and the hunter. But in this case the herd had no choice. It was simply take the risk or starve.

That same night, when the moon was rising round and white behind the fir-tops, the tall bull breasted and trod down the snowy barrier, and led his herd off northward between the hemlock trunks and the jutting granite boulders. He moved slowly, his immense muzzle stretched straight out before him, the bony array of his antlers laid back level to avoid the hindrance of clinging boughs. Here and there a hollow under the level surface would set him plunging and wallowing for a moment, but in the main his giant strength enabled him to forge his way ahead with a steady majesty of might. Behind him, in dutiful line, came the three cows; and behind these, again,

the calves followed at ease in a clear trail, their muzzles not outstretched like that of the leader, but drooping almost to the snow, their high shoulders working awkwardly at every stride. In utter silence, like dark, monstrous spectres, the line of strange shapes moved on; and down the bewildering, ever-rearranging forest corridors the ominously fingers of long moonlight felt curiously after them. When they had journeyed for some hours the herd came out upon a high and somewhat bare plateau, dotted sparsely with clumps of aspen, stunted yellow birch, and spruce. From this table-land the streaming northwest winds had swept the snow almost clean, carrying it off to fill the neighbouring valley. The big bull, who knew where he was going and had no will to linger on the way, halted only for a few minutes' browsing, and then started forward on a long, swinging trot. At every stride his loose-hung, wide-cleft, spreading hooves came sharply together with a flat, clacking noise. The rest of the line swept dutifully into place, and the herd was off.

But not all the herd. One of the calves, tempted a little aside by a thicket of special juciness and savour, took alarm, and thought he was going to be left behind. He sprang forward, a powerful but clumsy stride, careless of his footing. A treacherous screen of snow-crusted scrub gave way, and he slid sprawling to the bottom of a little narrow gully or crevice, a natural pit-fall. His mother, looking solicitously backward, saw him disappear. With a heave of her shoulders, a sweep of her long, hornless head, an anxious flick of her little naked tail, she swung out of the line and trotted swiftly to the rescue.

There was nothing she could do. The crevice was some ten or twelve feet long and five or six in width, with sides almost perpendicular. The calf could just reach its bushy edges with his up-stretched muzzle, but he could get no foothold by which to clamber out. On every side he essayed it, falling back with a hoarse bleat from each

frightened effort; while the mother, with head down and piteous eyes staring upon him, ran round and round the rim of the trap. At last, when he stopped and stood with palpitating sides and wide nostrils of terror, she, too, halted. Dropping awkwardly upon her knees in the snowy bushes, with loud, blowing breaths, she reached down her head to nose and comfort him with her sensitive muzzle. The calf leaned up as close as possible to her caresses. Under their tenderness the tremblings of his gaunt, pathetic knees presently ceased. And in this position the two remained almost motionless for an hour, under the white, unfriendly moon. The herd had gone on without them.

II.

In the wolf's cave in the great blue-and-white wall of plaster-rock, miles back beside the rushing of the river, there was famine. The she-wolf, heavy and near her time, lay agonizing in the darkest corner of the cave, licking in grim silence the raw stump of her right foreleg. Caught in a steel trap, she had gnawed off her own paw as the price of freedom. She could not hunt; and the hunting was bad that winter in the forests by the blue-and-white wall. The wapiti deer had migrated to safer ranges, and her gray mate, hunting alone, was hard put to it to keep starvation from the cave.

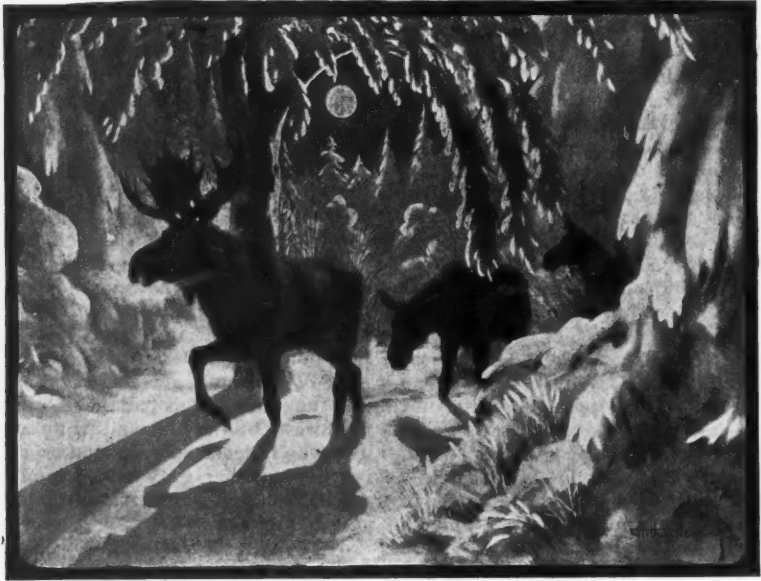
The gray wolf trotted briskly down the broken face of the plaster-rock, in the full glare of the moon, and stood for a moment to sniff the air that came blowing lightly but keenly over the stiff tops of the forest. The wind was clean. It gave him no tidings of a quarry. Descending hurriedly the last fifty yards of the slope, he plunged into the darkness of the fir-woods. Soft as was the snow in those quiet recesses, it was yet sufficiently packed to support him as he trotted, noiseless and alert, on the broad-spreading pads of his paws. Furtive and fierce, he slipped through the shadow like a ghost. Across the open glades he fled more swiftly, a bright and sinister shape, his

head swinging a little from side to side, every sense upon the watch. His direction was pretty steadily to the west of north.

He had travelled long, till the direction of the moon-shadows had taken a different angle to his path, when suddenly there came a scent upon the wind. He stopped, one foot up, arrested in his stride. The gray, cloudy brush of his tail stiffened out. His nostrils, held high to catch every waft of the new scent, dilated; and the

young cows, one or another of which he might hope to stampede by his cunning. The same instant's scrutiny revealed to him that the herd had passed nearly an hour ahead of him. Up went the gray cloud of his tail and down went his nose; and then he straightened himself to his top speed, compared to which the pace wherewith he had followed the scent up the wind was a mere casual sauntering.

When he emerged upon the open plateau and reached the spot where



"THAT SAME NIGHT WHEN THE MOON WAS RISING ROUND AND WHITE"

edges of his upper lip came down over the white fangs, from which they had been snarlingly withdrawn. His pause was but for a breath or two. Yes, there was no mistaking it. The scent was moose—very far off, but moose, without question. He darted forward at a gallop, but with his muzzle still held high, following that scent up the wind.

Presently he struck the trail of the herd. An instant's scrutiny told his trained sense that there were calves and

the herd had scattered to browse, he slackened his pace and went warily, peering from side to side. The cow-moose, lying down in the bushes to fondle her imprisoned young, was hidden from his sight for the moment; and so it chanced that before he discovered her he came between her and the wind. That scent—it was the taint of death to her. It went through her frame like an electric shock. With a snort of fear and fury she heaved to her feet and stood, wide-eyed and with

lowered brow, facing the menace.

The wolf heard that snorting challenge, and saw the awkward bulk of her shoulders as she rose above the scrub. His jaws wrinkled back tightly, baring the full length of his keen white fangs, and a greenish phosphorescent film seemed to pass suddenly

across his narrowed eyeballs. But he did not spring at once to the attack. He was surprised. Moreover, he inferred the calf, from the presence of the cow apart from the rest of the herd. And a full-grown cow-moose, with the motherfury in her heart, he knew to be a dangerous adversary. Though she was hornless, he knew the force of her battering front, the swift, sharp stroke of her hoof,

the dauntless intrepidity of her courage. Further, though his own courage and the avid urge of his hunger might have led him under other circumstances to attack forthwith, to-night he knew that he must take no chances. The cave in the blue-and-white rocks was depending on his success. His mate, wounded

and heavy with young—if he let himself get disabled in this hunting she must perish miserably. With prudent tactics, therefore, he circled at a safe distance around the hidden pit; and around its rim circled the wary mother, presenting to him ceaselessly the defiance of her huge and sullen front. By

this means he easily concluded that the calf was a prisoner in the pit. This being the case he knew that with patience and his experienced craft the game was safely his. He drew off some half-dozen paces, and sat upon his haunches contemplatively to weigh the situation. Everything had turned out most fortunately for his hunting and food would no longer be scarce in the cave of the painted rocks.



"AT THE REPORT THE WOLF SHOT INTO THE AIR"

III.

That same night, in a cabin of unutterable loneliness some miles to the west of the trail from the moose-yard, a sallow-faced, lean backwoodsman was awakened by the moonlight streaming into his face through the small square window. He glanced at the

embers on the open hearth, and knew that for the white maple logs to have so burned down he must have been sleeping a good six hours. And he had turned in soon after the early winter sunset. Rising on his elbow, he threw down the gaudy patchwork quilt of red, yellow, blue and mottled squares which draped the bunk in its corner against the rough log walls. He looked long at the thin face of his wife, whose pale brown hair lay over the bare arm crooked beneath her cheek. Her lips looked pathetically white in the decolourizing rays which streamed through the window. His mouth, stubbled with a week's growth of dark beard, twitched curiously as he looked. Then he got up, very noiselessly. Stepping across the bare hard room, whose austerity the moon made more austere, he gazed into a trundle-bed where a yellow-haired, round-faced boy slept, with the chubby sprawling legs and arms of perfect security. The lad's face looked pale to his troubled eyes.

"It's fresh meat they want, the both of 'em," he muttered to himself. "They can't live and thrive on pork an' molasses, nohow!"

His big fingers, clumsily gentle, played for a moment with the child's yellow curls. Then he pulled a thick, gray homespun hunting-shirt over his head, hitched his heavy trousers up under his belt, clothed his feet in three pairs of home-knit socks and heavy cowhide moccasins, took down his rifle, cartridge pouch, and snowshoes from their nails on the moss-chinked wall, cast one tender look on the sleepers' faces, and slipped out of the cabin door as silent as a shadow.

"I'll have fresh meat for them before next sundown," he vowed to himself.

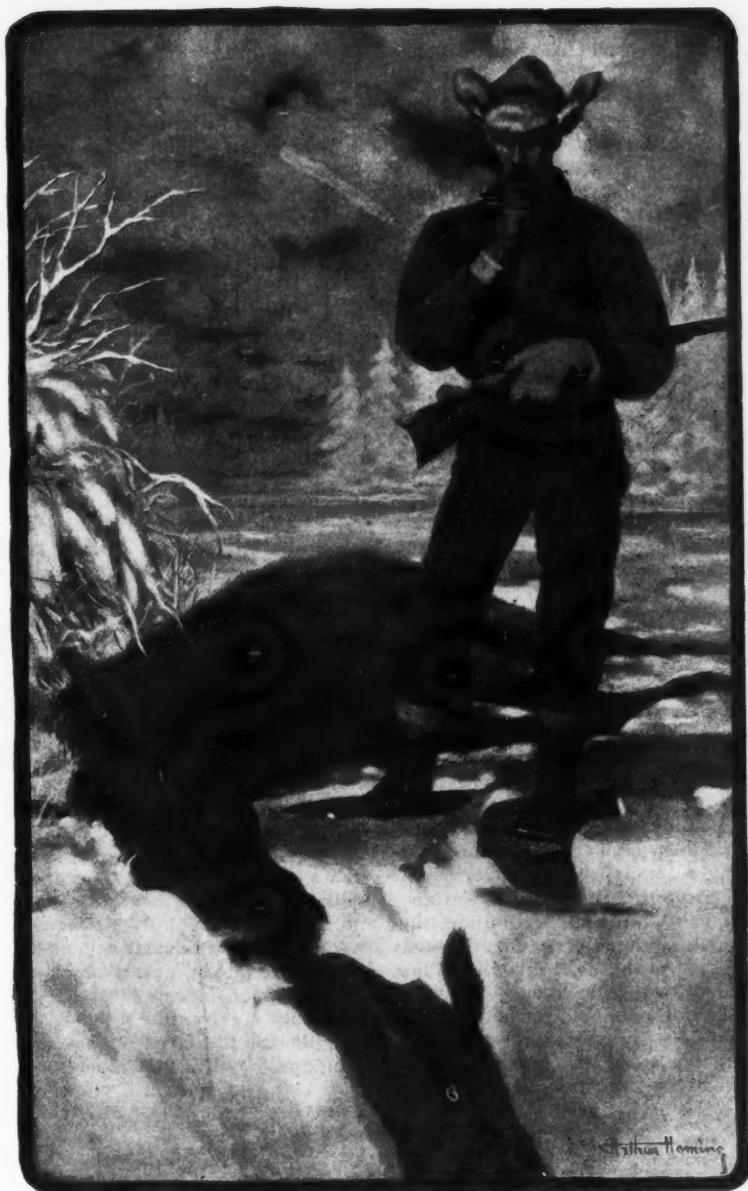
Outside, amid the chips of his chopping, with a rough well-sweep on one hand and a rougher barn on the other, he knelt to put on his snowshoes. The cabin stood, a desolate, silver-gray dot in the waste of snow, naked to the steely skies of winter. With the curious improvidence of the backwoods-

man, he had cut down every tree in the neighbourhood of the cabin, and the thick woods which might so well have sheltered him, stood acres distant on every side. When the woodsman had settled the thongs of his snowshoes over his moccasins quite to his satisfaction, he straightened himself with a deep breath, pulled his cap well down over his ears, slung his rifle over his shoulder, and started out with the white moon in his face.

In the ancient forest, among the silent wilderness folk, things happen with the slow inexorableness of time. For days, for weeks, nothing may befall. Hour may tread noiselessly on hour, apparently working no change; yet all the time the forces are assembling, and at last doom strikes. The violence is swift, and soon done. And then the great, still world looks inscrutable, unhurried, changeless as before.

So, after long tranquillity, the forces of fate were assembling about that high plateau in the wilderness. The backwoodsman could not long endure to see the woman and boy pining for the tonic, vitalizing juices of fresh meat. He was not a professional hunter. Absorbed in the clearing and securing of a farm in the free forest, he cared not to kill for the killing's sake. For his own part, he was well content with his salt pork, beans and molasses, and cornmeal mush; but when occasion called, he could handle a rifle as a backwoodsman should. On this night he was all hunter, and his quiet, wide-open eye, alert for every woodland sign, had a fire in it that would have looked strange to the wife and child.

His long strides carried him swiftly through the glimmering glades. Journeying to the north of east, as the gray wolf had to the north of west, he too, before long, struck the trail of the moose, but at a point far beyond that at which the wolf had come upon it. So trampled and confused a trail it was, however, that for a time he took no note of the light wolf track among the heavy footprints of the moose. Suddenly it caught his eye—one print on a



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HEMING

"I'LL SAVE HIM FOR THE BOY TO PLAY WITH"

smooth spread of snow, emphasized in a pour of unobstructed radiance. He stopped, scrutinized the trail minutely to assure himself he had but a single wolf to deal with, then resumed his march with new zest and springier pace. Hunting was not without its relish for him when it admitted some savour of the combat.

The cabin stood in the valley lands just back of the high plateau, and so it chanced that the backwoodsman had not far to travel that night. Where the trail broke into the open he stopped, and reconnoitered cautiously through a screen of hemlock boughs. He saw the big gray wolf sitting straight up on his haunches, his tongue hanging out, contemplating securely his intended prey. He saw the dark shape of the cow moose, obstinately confronting her foe, her hindquarters backed close up to the edge of the gully. He caught the fierce and anxious gleam of her eyes as she rolled them backward for an instant's reassuring glance at her young one. And though he could not see the calf in its prisoning pit, he understood the whole situation.

Well, there was a bounty on wolf-snouts, and this fellow's pelt was worth considering. As for the moose, he knew that not a broadside of cannon would scare her away from that hole in the rocks so long as the calf was in it. He took careful aim from his covert. At the report the wolf shot into the air, straightened out, and fell upon the snow kicking dumbly, a bullet through his neck. As the light faded from his fierce eyes, with it faded out a vision of the cave in the painted rocks. In half a minute he lay still; and the cow-moose, startled by his convulsive leaps more than by the rifle-shot, blew and

snorted, eyeing him with new suspicion. Her spacious flank was toward the hunter. He, with cool but hasty fingers, slipped a fresh cartridge into the breech, and aimed with care at a spot low down behind the fore-shoulder.

Again rang out the thin, vicious report, slapping the great silences in the face. The woodsman's aim was true. With a cough the moose fell forward on her knees. Then, with a mighty, shuddering effort, she got up, turned about, and fell again with her head over the edge of the crevice. Her awkward muzzle touched and twitched against the neck of the frightened calf and with a heavy sigh she lay still.

The settler stepped out from his hiding place, and examined with deep satisfaction the results of his night's hunting. Already he saw the colour coming back into the pale cheeks of the woman and the child. The wolf's pelt and snout, too, he thought to himself, would get them both some little things they'd like, from the cross-roads store, next time he went in for cornmeal. Then, there was the calf—no meat like moose-veal, after all. He drew his knife from its sheath. But no; he hated butchering. He slipped the knife back, reloaded his rifle, stepped to the side of the pit, and stood looking down at the baby captive, where it leaned nosing in piteous bewilderment at the head of its dead mother.

Again the woodsman changed his mind. He bit off a chew of black tobacco, and for some moments stood deliberating, stubby chin in hand. "I'll save him for the boy to play with and bring up," he at last decided.

A Century of Canadian Magazines



By Arthur H. U. Colquhoun



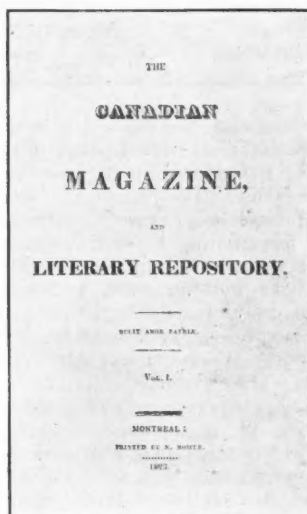
IN the early days of the British Provinces in North America the magazine field was naturally limited. Where there is not much wealth, a scattered population, and primitive printing conditions, publishing enterprises of the higher class can hardly flourish. This was the situation in all our provinces for many years. In consequence if you take away half-a-dozen or less from the list of magazine ventures down to 1900 you will find that what remains are more curious than impressive. Their vicissitudes are as apt to create amusement as to excite pity. To find them you explore libraries, archives, and the private collections of benevolent antiquarians. You come upon forgotten files, unknown names, and, unfortunately, much accumulated dust. You might wring your hands if you were not kept so busy cleansing them. The old magazines are neglected, unread and despised.

Omitting, as has been said, the few important enterprises which met with a moderate measure of prosperity, the story of the others is identical. They took themselves very seriously. The intense solemnity of the old Prospectus, the note of complacent confidence in the addresses "To our Readers," the conviction that the literary needs of the country were at last to be met, are convincing—if they were not so quickly followed by "a word of farewell," or a business "valedictory," in which disappointment, cynicism and anger struggle for the mastery. The early magazine had not learned to develop its revenue from advertisements. Its readers were appreciative, but they seldom paid. Then, as now, the printer wanted his money. While the matter was being argued out the press stopped. Usually there was time for "a parting word." Sometimes there was not, and the magazine expired without a moan.

In one case the editor had returned to Canada after twenty years' absence, and he found a community panting for a magazine. His picture of the literary prospects glows with inspiration. In a few months he withdraws from the scene abruptly; there is not even a civil good-bye. He had enough of everything except subscribers. Another brave soul addresses "our readers" in an essay thirty pages long! The end came—soon, of course—and he, too, departs without a word. Still another editor was charged, after his first number was out, with introducing party politics. "However," added the malicious critic, to make sure the envenomed shaft would strike home, "the Conservatives should all subscribe." But, as matters turned out, they were only too conservative—of their cash. The subscribers of those days must have been a peculiarly callous and malignant lot, compared to the modern subscriber, who always pays up. One pioneer magazine in Canada printed a list of its subscribers. When its turn came to go it took a neat and quiet revenge, intimating that hard times had driven one-third of its patrons into bankruptcy, so it retired to bear them company.

Complaints were made that one of those early periodicals appeared irregularly. Would you know the reason? asked the editor. "It is because our subscribers will not send in their money." Later on, the same magazine printed a list of ten names, adding, with pathetic dignity, "they have paid in full." But ten righteous men could not save a magazine, however successful they might have been in Sodom. It is, therefore, easy to understand why so many of our old literary monthlies went under. The field was small. People were apathetic. Competition of foreign magazines steadily increased.

The earliest attempt was the *Nova*



VOLUME TITLE-PAGE OF FIRST MAGAZINE
PUBLISHED IN THIS COUNTRY WITH
THE NAME "THE CANADIAN MA-
GAZINE." MONTREAL, 1853

Scotia Magazine which appeared in 1789 and came to an end in 1792. It was printed in Halifax, but was edited in Windsor where, in the latter year, King's College was founded. The magazine contained more selected than original matter. Primitive as the effort may have been it encouraged others later. One number is extant of *Nova Scotia and New Brunswick or Historical, Literary, Theological and Miscellaneous Repository* issued at Halifax in 1806. The *Acadian Magazine* appeared in 1826 and lasted for two years, while the *Halifax Monthly Magazine* began in June, 1830, and reached its third volume. This was a creditable production. It was "printed and published by J. S. Cunnebell, Argyle St., opposite the west end Dalhousie College," and its subscription rate was 12s. per annum. It dealt with current politics, contained fiction, poetry and sketches, most of them, apparently, original, and an article on the death and character of George IV. may well have created a stir in its time. Nearly twenty years afterwards the *Provincial*,

or *Halifax Monthly Magazine* was launched. It was printed by James Bowes & Son, and was edited with marked talent by Mrs. Wm. Lawson. The articles on copyright, on the new system of telegraphs, and on various subjects of timely interest indicated good editorship and a staff of competent writers. But in December, 1853, after two years' dauntless effort the periodical gave up with a cry of "no subscribers." The *Mayflower, or Ladies' Acadian Newspaper*—they loved imposing names in those days, in fact most of the early magazines have subtitles—appeared during 1851, five numbers at least being published. Miss Herbert was the editor. After 1853 we find no more magazines in Halifax, and must migrate to New Brunswick where Dr. George Stewart began *Stewart's Quarterly* in 1867, a magazine of distinct merit, a monument to the industry and patriotism of its kindly and able founder. No extended reference is needed in this place, except a word as to its encouragement to native writers and its well-conceived literary programme. The *New Brunswick Magazine* and the *Prince Edward Island Magazine* belong to our own day and the latter still flourishes as it deserves to do.

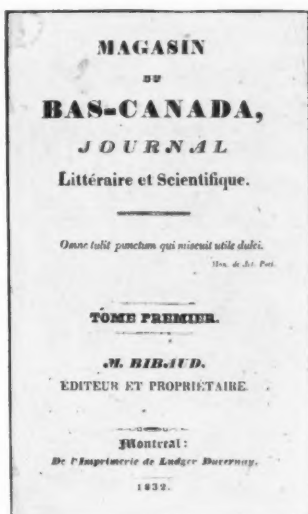
The literary activity of French Canada is well known. The list of periodicals in the French language published either in Quebec or Montreal is imposing and to separate those which were magazines from literary or religious publications appearing oftener than once a month is not always easy. The *Quebec Magazine* (1791-1793 or longer) was the first, and it may suitably be mentioned here because it was partly written in French and its secondary title was *Magasin de Québec*. Each issue contained about sixty pages and it was "printed for John Neilson, 3 Mountain Street, Quebec." More than one copy of this old monthly survives in private libraries. *L'Abielle Canadienne* was edited by E. H. Meziere and lasted but a year. Of all the early enterprises in French, however, the *Bibliothèque Canadienne* is the most

noteworthy. It lasted for nine years and was succeeded by a number of short-lived magazines, chief among them the *Magasin du Bas Canada*. Its editor was Michel Bibaud (1782-1857) the famous historian of Canada under French rule, and the author of our first book of French poetry. The magazine contained many short and entertaining contributions and was published at \$2 a year. In one of its issues I find a friendly greeting to the *Montreal Museum, or Journal of Literature*, the first issue of which seems to have appeared in December, 1832, and which was edited by two Montreal ladies whose names are not mentioned. Among other French monthlies the *Foyer Canadien* (1863-1866) had for contributors Abbé Ferland, M. Louis Frechette and Sir James Lemoine, while the recent *Canada Français* was issued under the direction of a scholarly band of professors in Laval University. It may be said generally of the French magazines which are included in the list appended to this article that they were of a high class and were distinguished by learning and excellent diction.

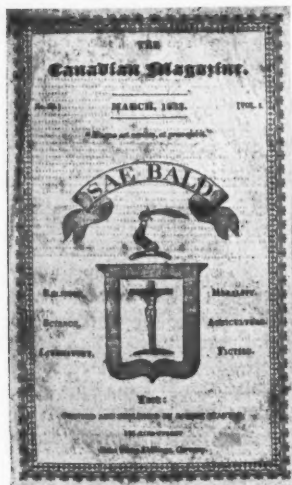
Considering the relatively small English-speaking population of the old Province of Lower Canada, it must be said that in the production of magazines they were not lacking in courage. Two of the best, as well as the longest-lived, magazines ever issued in British North America, we owe to this intelligent minority in Quebec—the *Literary Garland* and the *New Dominion Monthly*. But to speak of the earlier ventures first, the *Canadian Magazine* and *Literary Repository*, published in Montreal from 1823 to 1825, challenges attention. It was printed by Nahum Mower, the publisher of the *Canadian Courant*, an influential newspaper of that period. In examining the volumes that survive, one is impressed by the knowledge and talent displayed in the articles. In the departments of history, politics and poetry it was especially strong, and if the literary circle to which it appealed had been larger, it could hardly have failed to live.

There seems to have been a passing fancy for this kind of literature, for we find that the *Canadian Review and Magazine* was another venture belonging to this period. It appeared quarterly, and its articles on public questions betray insight and skill. There is a difference of opinion as to who the editor was. It is often associated with the name of Dr. A. J. Christie, (1788-1856) M.P. for Gaspé, who had been a merchant in Halifax, and who, coming to live in Lower Canada, had been admitted to the bar and entered the Provincial Assembly. The other person credited with the editorship is David Chisholm (1796-1842) a journalist who came to Canada from Scotland, and was a personal friend of Lord Dalhousie.

Two other provincial magazines, which demand a note before passing to more important ventures, appeared in the early sixties. These are the *British Canadian Review* published in Quebec in 1862, and the *Canadian Patriot*, which was issued by "J. Willett at the office of J. C. Beckett, 38 Great St. James Street, Montreal," in 1864. The former bears the imprint of T. W. Wil-



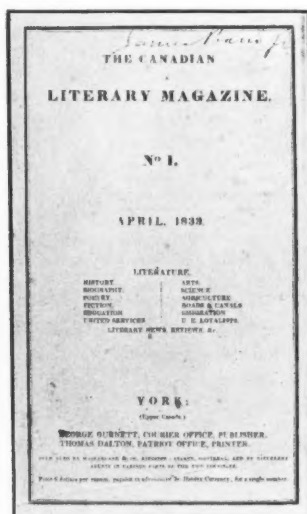
VOLUME TITLE OF SECOND "CANADIAN MAGAZINE." MONTREAL, 1832



COVER OF THIRD "CANADIAN MAGAZINE."
YORK, 1833

lan, St. George Street, Quebec, was sold at \$2 a year, and its prospectus makes the time-honoured announcement that it filled a long-felt want.

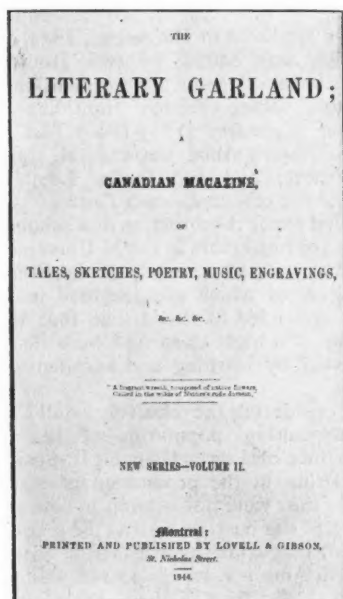
The latter was on a modest scale, and in the solitary number I have been



COVER OF FOURTH "CANADIAN MAGAZINE."
YORK, 1833

able to find, the names of George Martin and H. B. Small are among the contributors.

Of the *Literary Garland* it may fairly be said that its merits were of a high order, and it can be compared without fear with its contemporary magazines in other countries. The first number appeared in December, 1838, the editor being Mr. John Gibson, of Lovell & Gibson, who were the publishers. The *Garland* lasted for thirteen years, and the



VOLUME-TITLE OF THE LITERARY GARLAND,
1838-1844. THIS RANKS AS THE FIFTH
"CANADIAN MAGAZINE," ALTHOUGH
THESE WORDS WERE USED ONLY
AS A SUB-TITLE

closing issue in December, 1851, states, among the reasons for abandoning the enterprise, that the want of native support and the cheapness of foreign periodicals were at the root of the matter. Yet the magazine was well supported by native writers. The stories of Mrs. Leprohon and Mrs. MacLachlan had a great vogue in their day, and among those who wrote regularly were Mrs. Traill, Mr. and Mrs. Moodie, Mrs.

XUM



G. MERCER ADAM, EDITOR "CANADIAN MONTHLY"

geneous population, might have given to magazine literature the support denied elsewhere. There were not wanting venturesome individuals who thought so. The fever did not capture them until more than forty years after the birth of the Province. Then, at intervals after 1830, came a number of efforts to establish such periodicals. The record is strewn with wrecks. In 1833 two magazines made their appearance. Before 1833 I can find no trace of any literary magazine in Upper Canada. The first number of the *Canadian Literary Magazine* was published in York in April, 1833. It was not equal in merit to its Montreal namesake of ten years earlier, but its articles were of fair, average merit. A fact of some interest is that it contained the prize poem at Upper Canada College in 1832, the prize boy being Henry Scadding, afterwards the historiographer of Toronto, and laid to rest a few days ago in honoured old age. The *Canadian Magazine*, the other York monthly in 1833, seems to have lasted till March, the month preceding the birth of its rival. It is believed to have been edited by Mr. Sibbald (which

accounts for the armorial design on the cover), a Scottish gentleman who took up land in the vicinity of York, and who used to come into town when his editorial duties demanded his presence at the printer's. Little is known by those interested in such matters concerning either of these monthlies. How long they lasted I know not. They should have been warning examples to the projectors of subsequent publications. In point of fact they stimulated an unwise activity. Newspapers, and periodicals connected with church, profession, movement or organization, were founded and flourished. For literary magazines, during nearly forty years, there was no success. There was the *Monthly Review*, originally projected in Kingston, but printed in Toronto, in 1841. It was edited by Dr. John Waudby, a political pamphleteer and journalist of that day, but it was really the organ of Lord Sydenham, who wanted his constitutional views expounded and defended. When he passed away the magazine disappeared. Dr. Waudby died in Kingston in 1861.

The experience of *Barker's Canadian Magazine*, which lasted from May, 1846, to April, 1847, was that less than 400 subscribers were obtainable. Its founder was Dr. E. J. Barker, of Kingston, whose object was to lessen



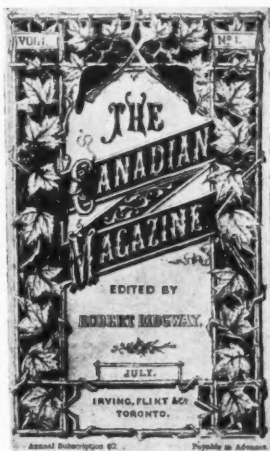
GEORGE STEWART, EDITOR "CANADIAN MONTHLY" AND "STEWART'S QUARTERLY"

the importation of light literature from the United States. The subscription price of 10s. per annum proved too small to cover the cost of a 52-page magazine. About this time the *Victoria Magazine* was issued at Belleville by Mr. and Mrs. Moodie, who had removed there from Stony Lake on the appointment of Mr. Moodie to the shrievalty of Hastings. It was withdrawn in a year, with hopes of a revival that were not realized. The *British Colonial Magazine*, a copy of which I have not seen, is said to have been an English periodical having a Canadian imprint. None of these efforts, however, were comparable to the *Anglo-American Magazine*, issued from 1852 to 1855. The personality of the editor, Rev. R. J. McGeorge, impressed itself upon the *Anglo-American*. Mr. McGeorge was a Scottish Episcopalian minister living in Streetsville, Ontario, where his literary talent displayed itself in the local paper. The humour and scholarship of this stout, jolly priest were well adapted to magazine work. His chief collaborateur and assistant was another striking character, G. Auchinleck, a typical Grub Street *litterateur*, who had been in Australia and had drifted to Toronto. Auchinleck worked hard,



ROBERT RIDGWAY, EDITOR "CANADIAN MAGAZINE" OF 1871

drank beer, and surprised the quiet folk of those days with his pronounced bohemianism. A feature of the magazine was "The Editor's Shanty," an imitation of the *Noctes* of Christopher North. The persons who figured in this department were drawn from life. "The Laird" was the late James Paterson of Bonniebraes, Streetsville—a Scottish farmer equally devoted to sheep-raising and literature. "The Boy"—and, as far as I can learn, the only survivor of these "Shanty" discussions—was Mr. Richard Brown, of Brown Bros., a veteran of the old book trade in Toronto. Mr. McGeorge subsequently returned to Scotland and died rector of Oban. In 1863 Mr. G. M. Adam made his first essay in magazine literature with the *British American Magazine*. It contained political articles, reviews, stories, etc., was published by Rollo & Adam, and was a favourable specimen of what Canada could produce in this line. In the same year the *Canadian Quarterly Review* and *Family Magazine* was begun. Its political articles were strongly Protectionist. Its career was brief.



COVER OF THE SEVENTH "CANADIAN MAGAZINE," TORONTO, 1871



REGULAR COVER OF THE PRESENT OR EIGHTH
"CANADIAN MAGAZINE"



J. GORDON MOWAT, FIRST EDITOR OF EIGHTH
"CANADIAN MAGAZINE"

The Dominion was four years old when another *Canadian Magazine* came upon the scene. The publishers were Irving, Flint & Co., and the inscrutable countenance and characteristic smile of Mr. T. C. Irving, the Canadian manager of Bradstreets—long may he flourish!—remain to convince us that magazine experiments are not always fatal to their projectors. The editor, too, Mr. Robert Ridgway, is to the fore. The magazine published Mrs. Craik's novel, "Hannah," and contained a good selection of material. The illustrations appear to have been drawn with a jackscrew, and one of them—a baby in its cradle—must have disturbed many a happy home. Otherwise, the merits of the periodical are undeniable. The promoters had to struggle against New York competition and actually got one of their enemies excluded from the country for a time. At the end of a year inexorable fate appeared to claim its own.

In January, 1872, the *Canadian Monthly and National Review* was launched with Mr. G. Mercer Adam as editor. "Where several attempts have failed," the magazine modestly declared in its opening address, "the success of a new attempt must always be doubtful." The conditions were, it was hoped, more encouraging. For ten years this able periodical lasted. The list of writers contains many distinguished names. Chief among them

was Mr. Goldwin Smith, who contributed from time to time. In December, 1876, *Belford's Monthly* was begun. This was a very ambitious effort. Continued stories by eminent writers and illustrations were some of its features. It coalesced in June, 1878, with its contemporary which then became known as Rose-Belford's *Canadian Monthly, etc.*, until it too ceased publication in 1882. Mr. Adam's name appears as editor in all the volumes except the first of the Rose-Belford regime, when Dr. George Stewart filled the post. Number one of the series of "Papers by a Bystander," which Mr. Goldwin Smith afterwards continued in his famous publication *Bystander*, appears in the *Monthly* for January, 1879. Scarcely a man of note in Canadian letters failed to contribute to the *Monthly* during its existence—Martin J. Griffin, George T. Denison, Daniel Wilson, W. D. Lesueur, S. E. Dawson, Arthur Harvey, and many others are to be found in the list. The death of this magazine was a literary misfortune. The monthly field was practically unoccupied for several years. The *Lake Magazine* was begun in July, 1892, by Mr. D. K. Mason, a native of Kentucky, for many years resident in Canada. It lacked adequate financial basis, and had no editor, although Mr. J. Gordon Mowat, who founded the present CANADIAN MAGAZINE in 1893, lent it some assistance in the

early stages. The only other venture which seems to call for reference is *Massey's Magazine*. This promised well for a short time with capital, brains and enterprise behind it, and was a brave attempt to make a ten cent magazine pay in Canada. The result was a loss of several thousand dollars, and the projectors wisely united with THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE in 1897.

The data contained in this sketch of Canadian magazines since 1789, were gathered from many sources. The collections, as well as the memories, of Mr. James Bain, Mr. John Reade, Mr. F. Blake Crofton, Mr. R. W. McLachlan, and others have been drawn upon. The record may be imperfect, because it was designedly restricted to publications of the magazine class.

A LIST OF CANADIAN MAGAZINES.*

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

- The Canadian Magazine. York, 1833.
 Canadian Literary Magazine. York, 1833.
 Anglo-American Magazine, vols. 1-7. Toronto, 1852-55.
 The Monthly Review, vol. 1. Toronto, 1841.
 Barker's Canadian Magazine, vol. 1. Kingston, 1846-7.
 Victoria Magazine, vol. 1. Belleville, 1847-8.
 British Colonial Magazine, vol. 1. Toronto, 1853.
 Canadian Merchants' Magazine, vols. 1-5. Toronto, 1857-9.
 British-American Magazine, vols. 1-2. Toronto, 1863-4.
 Canadian Quarterly Review and Family Magazine, vol. 1. Toronto, 1863-4.
 Canadian Magazine, vols. 1-2. Toronto, 1871.
 Canadian Monthly and National Review, vols. 1-13. Toronto, 1872-8.
 Belford's Monthly Magazine, vols. 1-3. Toronto, 1877-8.
 Rose-Belford's Canadian Monthly and National Review, vols. 1-8. Toronto, 1878-82.
 Lake Magazine, vol. 1. Toronto, 1892-3.
 Massey's Magazine, vols. 1-3. Toronto, 1896-7.
 Bystander, vols. 1-4. Toronto, 1880-90.
 The Dominion Review, vols. 1-4. Toronto, 1896-99.
 Canadian Magazine, vols. 1-17. Toronto, 1893 to date.

*This list does not include religious, medical, educational, scientific, sporting, juvenile, college and class publications, or literary weeklies. Great pains have been taken to make the list correct, but errors may have crept in.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC—ENGLISH.

- The Quebec Magazine, vols. 1-3. Quebec, 1791-93.
 The Canadian Magazine, vols. 1-4. Montreal, 1823-25.
 The Canadian Review and Magazine, vols. 1-3. Montreal, 1824-6.
 Literary Garland, vols. 1-14. Montreal, 1838-51.
 British-Canadian Review, vol. 1. Quebec, 1862-3.
 New Dominion Monthly, vols. 1-23. Montreal, 1867-78.
 Dominion Illustrated Monthly, vols. 1-3. Montreal, 1892-3.
 The Montreal Museum, or Journal of Literature and Arts. Montreal, 1832.
 Canadian Patriot, vol. 1. Montreal, 1866.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC—FRENCH.

- Bibliothèque Canadienne, L'Observateur, Magasin du Bas Canada, Encyclopédie Canadienne. Montreal, 1825-42.
 L'Abeille Canadienne: Journal de Littérature et de Sciences. Montreal, 1818-19.
 Revue Canadienne: Journal scientifique et littéraire. Montreal, 1845.
 Album Littéraire et Musical de la Revue Canadienne. Montreal, 1846-48.
 La Ruche Littéraire et Politique. Montreal, 1853-59.
 Soirees Canadiennes, Nouvelles Soirees Canadiennes. Quebec, 1861 and 1882-83.
 Foyer Canadien. Quebec, 1863-66.
 Revue Canadienne. Montreal, 1864-73 (since revived).
 L'Echo de la France. Montreal, 1865-67.
 Le Musée Canadien, Nos. 1-2. Quebec, 1875.
 Revue de Montreal. Montreal, 1877-80.
 Le Canada Français. Quebec, 1888-91.
 Le Chercheur: revue eclectique, etc. Montreal, 1888-9.
 La Revue Nationale, Nos. 1-14. Montreal, 1895-96.
 Le Courier du Livre. Quebec, 1896-1901.

MARITIME PROVINCES.

- Nova Scotia Magazine, vols. 1-5. Halifax, 1789-92.
 Nova Scotia and New Brunswick or Historical, Literary, Theological and Miscellaneous Repository. Halifax, 1806.
 Acadian Magazine, vols. 1-2. Halifax, 1826-8.
 Halifax Monthly Magazine, vols. 1-3. Halifax, 1830-3.
 Mayflower, or Ladies' Acadian Newspaper (monthly), vol. 1. Halifax, 1851.
 The Provincial, or Halifax Monthly Magazine. Halifax, 1852-3.
 Stewart's Quarterly. St. John, 1867-72.
 Maritime Monthly. St. John, 1873 (also Halifax and Montreal).
 New Brunswick Magazine. St. John, 1898-99.
 Prince Edward Island Magazine. Charlottetown, 1899 to date.
 Acadiensis. St. John, 1901.

MANITOBA.

- The Manitoban, vols. 1-2. Winnipeg, 1892-3.
 The Great West, vols. 1-14. Winnipeg, 1891-98.

A Decade of Canadian Prose

by Professor L. E. Horning

CANADIAN poetry has had a wonderful and invigorating growth since 1890, but the progress of prose writing since that date has been no less remarkable. This is especially true of historical writings and of fiction. As it is by the latter that our writers are best known, I shall deal with it first in this review and, as my space is limited, no attempt will be made to enumerate all the writers nor to speak of each work in particular.

Several names will occur to us at once when mention is made of our fiction and probably the first one will be that of Gilbert Parker. There is no question that he is one of the leaders in point of excellence of matter and quality of style as well as in productivity. The "Chief Factor," "Mrs. Falcon," "The Translation of a Savage," "The Trespasser," were among his first works, but the book which gave him a name amongst us was "Pierre and His People" (1892). These short stories centering about the hero Pierre discovered to us our Northwest as a land of legend and stirring adventure, and have contributed to the success of many another book the scenes of which are laid there. This was followed by "An Adventurer of the North," and in the two volumes are found gems of description and of poetic characterization hardly equalled by anything else the writer has done. Of course it is objected that there is no such Northwest as is described in these books, but for me this objection has little weight. We are not looking for history and do not measure the excellence of such a work by its fidelity to historical facts. Of the other works of Parker which have a Canadian setting, I am inclined to value highest, "When Valmond Came to Pontiac" and "The Seats of the Mighty." Valmond is a wonderful character and some of the chapters in the latter work

are very powerful. "The Battle of the Strong," is Parker's most ambitious work and to my mind marks a distinct advance in his character drawing.

Probably the next author to be considered is C. G. D. Roberts, certainly so in point of productivity. Personally, I like the style of this author very much. It is clear and limpid, choice in form and rich in vocabulary and he has something to say. Perhaps this is not so much true of his historical novels, "The Forge in the Forest" and "A Sister to Evangeline;" but the historical novel is being written to death in these latter days and my rising distaste for such may be warping my judgment. In his short stories, however, he is much stronger, especially in his animal studies. In these he is a master. His entire sympathy with his subject, his keen observation and his power of translating the dumb thoughts of the animals seems to me to be of a very high order. And "In the Heart of the Ancient Wood" shows the lover of wild nature at his best.

It may just be that some one may feel like objecting to my estimate of Roberts in this regard, but if sales go to prove anything, they do not as a rule, then no one will refuse to give a high place to Ernest Seton Thompson. "Wild Animals I Have Known" is one of the most charming books I have ever read, and one which every boy, old and young, should read, yes, re-read. It often occurs to me that if our boys and girls knew how much sweeter life in the country is and how much there is in a love for the animals, found on every farm, to keep the heart whole and to heal, then there would not be a mad rush to get to the city. "The Biography of a Grizzly" and "The Trail of the Sandhill Stag" are welcome additions to this same literature.

The old Beast epic seems to be coming into popularity once more, for we

in Canada have a third clever writer in this line, W. A. Fraser, whose "Mooswa" has met with such a flattering reception. This writer excels especially in *motion-pictures*, as witness, besides certain chapters of "Mooswa," the racing story in "The Eye of a God." Enough has been said to show that in the matter of animal-story writers Canada has reached a proud pre-eminence, and to my mind these writers may justly be considered the peers of Kipling, for disciples they are not rightly called.

A writer who has all the breezy Western style in his work is Ralph Connor. "Black Rock" is the story of missionary effort among the mining and lumber camps of the great West and the characters are very human. The preacher of the West must be resourceful, broad-minded and warm-hearted to be of any use out there, for *humanity* and not creed is the "Open-sesame" and the little narrownesses of creed must be forgotten. "The Sky-Pilot" is a very fitting sequel to the first book. These books are very interesting from the sociological standpoint and will be valuable for reference even when the life they depict has passed away. Let us hope for more such work from this writer.

We have long known of William McLennan's work, for in the field of the historical novel he is the compeer of Parker and Roberts. His works are "Spanish John" and "In Old France and New," a collection of short stories in a most charming vein, which have plenty of reserve power. In collaboration with Miss McIlwraith he wrote "The Span o' Life," a capital romance.

Mention of Miss McIlwraith brings me to the subject of women writers, and here Canada can well afford to be proud. Miss Wood, Miss Dougall, Miss McIlwraith, Mrs. Harrison (Seranus) and Miss Laut have all written works in which Canadian scenery furnishes more or less of the background, and all are writers of no mean order. Of the works of Miss Wood I am inclined to put "The Untempered Wind" at the top, for "Judith Moore" is too

colourless, though there is plenty of the pink and white, and "The Daughter of Witches" seems to be a bit overdrawn. Mrs. Harrison's work is too well known to need any word of mine to recommend it. Besides I have elsewhere expressed myself on her last work and first novel, "The Forest of Bourg Marie." Miss Laut made her mark in the historical romance in her "Lords of the North," which suffers, to my mind, from being overcrowded with incident. A little more of the human and less of the history would have been to the advantage of the book. But it gives promise of power. Miss McIlwraith is on the threshold of the new decade, and so I shall pass her by with scant mention which, however, must not be called scant courtesy. But of the five names mentioned at the beginning of this paragraph I am inclined to favour Miss Dougall most strongly. Not that her books are the most popular, but yet I venture to think that her work will live longest; she is an analyst of motives such as we rarely see among our writers, too rarely, indeed, among present-day writers for English readers. "Beggars All," her first ambitious work, is capital stuff, and her "What Necessity Knows," "The Madonna of a Day," "Zeitgeist" and "The Mormon Prophet" are all good studies of character and motive. It does seem time for a reaction and that it is near at hand. Surely the historical romance has held the field long enough.

Another name might be added here, that of an old schoolmate, Sara Jeanette Duncan (Mrs. Cotes). But of all her sprightly works not one has a single Canadian scene, and possibly very few outside of the circle of her acquaintances, know that she is a Canadian. But I cannot tarry to mention many other authors, such as E. W. Thompson, W. D. Lighthall, F. Clifford Smith, Blanche MacDonell, and Jean Blewett, who have been and are industriously contributing their quota to our rapidly growing Canadian Literature. Now if I were inclined to moralize it would be just

in connection with this rapid growth. A broad definition of literature includes in it everything that is written, but any thinking person will at once object that a great deal is written that is not worthy to be called literature. The danger nowadays, indeed the crying evil, is that production is over-hasty, and, therefore, faulty. A few weeks ago there was published in one of our leading dailies, by an author who has done some very excellent work, a short story which promised well at the beginning, but which weakened so decidedly as it proceeded, that no reader could pass any other judgment than that it was an over-hasty production. It really contained no message; the author had nothing to say. That the public at large likes such immature stuff, and that cheques are forthcoming for such effusions, is really no justification for these sins of commission, and they are legion. Popularity and money ought to be very secondary considerations with all self-respecting authors. Critics, least of all, should let such matters weigh with them. The German philosopher, Schopenhauer, has some very caustic words on the multiplicity of books and their bad effect on the power to "do thinking," but is there not some, or rather a good deal of justification for his pessimism? "Read less and think more" is, however, not yet likely to become a popular aphorism. A second trite saying, "when a new book appears, read an old one," might also not be altogether out of place as a guiding principle, for then we should be saved from wasting our time reading many so-called "books of the day" which pass out of sight and out of mind when their ephemeral popularity comes to an end. We should lose very little but gain much if this rule were followed. Let our authors guard against hasty production, let the Canadian public make demand for the best that an author can give, and let critics study to become proficient in their art, and then there will be no need for logrolling on the part of an author, and publishers will encour-

age true literature. Will such a day ever come?

Among the biographies published in the last decade the most important are "A Veteran of 1812," by Miss Fitz-Gibbon, Read's "Life of Brock" and Fenety's "Life of Howe." All such works have a great historical value, especially in a young country like ours where history is so inseparably connected with the lives of the leading pioneers in every department.

There have been numerous publications of a historical nature—school histories, such as those by Clement, Roberts, an exceedingly readable book, Bourinot's "Story of the Nations," annals of districts such as Kirby's "Annals of Niagara," MacBeth's "Selkirk Settlers," Gow's "Cape Breton," a wretched piece of work, memoirs of companies such as Lizar's "In the Days of the Canada Company," records of industrial progress and many similar monographs. The one ambitious attempt at real history has been Kingsford's, and a great deal of honest labour and patient application was expended on that excellent work. But even it suffers from the lack of material which is encountered by every student of our history. Our forefathers were, for the most part, singularly careless of the records of our Canadian origins. Even to-day there are found too few to take an interest in such matters. In the meantime the old settlers, from whose lips we might learn much of our history, are fast passing away; old newspapers are being sold to the ragman; old records of churches, councils and societies are being lost or destroyed; in one way or another very valuable historical matter is rapidly disappearing. It does seem a pity that neither at Ottawa nor at the Provincial capitals is adequate provision made by the authorities for the instant and thorough collection of such records. There should be at Ottawa a systematic collection of all sorts of records from all parts of the Dominion, under the care of a librarian thoroughly interested in Canadian literature in all departments and acquainted with up-to-

date methods of library classification. This collection should be continued from year to year and in a very short time the National Library would become the Mecca of all students of our life and history.

Not much has been said of the historical prose of the decade, but with the admirable annual review of Historical Publications edited by Prof. Wrong and Mr. Langton there is little need for my comments.

To this same series I may refer all who wish for information on the works of bibliography and science which have been issued in the last few years.

In conclusion attention might be called to two very interesting books containing fine descriptions of the folklore of our French citizens—Fréchette's "Christmas in French Canada" and Greenough's "Folklife and Folklore."

A Decade of Canadian Poetry

by Duncan C. Scott

MODERN Canadian poetry may be said to have begun with the publication, in 1880, of "Orion," by Charles G. D. Roberts. It struck the original note that had been absent, or present only fitfully, in the work of the poets that had preceded him. It connected the poetry of Canada with all that is excellent in English poetry the world over. It maintained the traditions of form and diction that must be respected if poetry is to continue as the art through which the utmost aspiration of the human spirit is to be expressed.

Looking back over the years that went before the publication of "Orion," there is only one name that represents the same spirit, Charles Heavyside.

With this exception there is scarcely any work of the elder period that is remarkable for original power. But in the main, judged by the highest standards, this early Canadian poetry is by no means contemptible or unworthy of attention.

It is not worse in kind nor less in quantity than the mass of American verse produced at the same time under like conditions.

Anyone who at that period had been used to read Canadian poetry

and lament its lack of power must have recognized in the work of Mr. Roberts a new and potent force; the academic imagery, the forced cadence, the lack of invention had disappeared. Almost for the first time a Canadian reader whose ear was attuned to the music of Tennyson, Keats and Arnold might, in quoting one of his own poets, do so with the feeling that here at last was verse flowing with the stream of general poetical literature. Six years later Mr. Roberts published "In Divers Tones," and at that time, so far as books of verse are concerned, he was the sole representative of the now existing school of Canadian poetry.

It was during the next year that the poems of George Frederick Cameron were collected. They proved the great loss that Canadian letters sustained by the untimely death of this brilliant man.

One year later, in 1888, Archibald Lampman joined Mr. Roberts with "Among the Millet"; Frederick George Scott with "The Soul's Quest," and in 1889 William Wilfrid Campbell with "Lake Lyrics." Previous to the year 1890 there appears to be no other books

of importance whose authors have contributed to the poetry of the last ten years.

The term, School of Canadian Poetry, might be accepted with hesitation and some diffidence had not various competent critics, adopted it uniformly. As applied to the group of writers usually mentioned under the appellation it may be too pretentious. It is valuable in that it conveys the idea of nationality, and if the Canadian people cannot thank its poets for immortal verse it may thank them for having forced the recognition of a growing national literature separate from that of the American Republic.

The decade of 1890 was in its second year before Mr. Roberts added another to the books I have mentioned. "Ave, an Ode for the Centenary of the Birth of Shelley," was published in 1892 and was included in "Songs of the Common Day," issued during the following year. The latter book included also a series of sonnets dealing "with the aspects of common outdoor life." They exhibit Mr. Roberts in one of his happiest moods and they show the kinship that exists between the most prominent of this group of writers.

The remainder of "Songs of the Common Day" was occupied by lyrics and ballads, that repeated with a firm and unflinching touch the accent to which the earlier volumes had accustomed his readers. There was but one reminiscence in "Marysas" of that earlier, classical manner that has unfortunately in succeeding books quite disappeared.

In 1891 Mr. J. F. Herbin, of Wolfeville, made his appearance with a small group of poems, and in 1893 and 1899 added "The Marshlands" and "The Trail of the Tide" to this first venture.

Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison, under the pen-name of "Seranus," had been a frequent contributor to periodical literature, and in the year 1891 she published "Pine, Rose and Fleur de lis," a collection of old world forms, for the most part, with a Canadian and French-Canadian atmosphere, the result being happily suggested by the

title. The book contains a tribute to Isabella Valancy Crawford, that fine genius who by her fiery temperament and her natural gift of expression must be counted the most richly endowed of our native poets.

While mentioning Mrs. Harrison's deft verse the performances of her sister-poets come to mind. Miss Pauline Johnson and Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald published their volumes in the same year, 1895. Their verses occasionally published in the magazines had prepared the public for the very great poetic pleasure that these books gave. Miss Johnson's virile touch and strong imagination may be contrasted with the delicacy and shyness of Miss Wetherald's genius.

Mrs. Jean Blewett, whose verse has that warm human touch that has given infinite pleasure to her readers, added to their delight by collecting her scattered poems in 1897 under the apt title of "Heart Songs."

Much of the charm of the book entitled "Northland Lyrics," breathes from Mrs. Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald's share in it. Her lyrics are equal in power with those of her brothers, Theodore Roberts and W. Carman Roberts. The three have joined powers to produce what is, even considering its source, a noteworthy book. Miss Machar, whose excellent verse has been admired by a generation of readers, also collected her scattered poems in a volume called "Lays of the True North."

By its lamentable finality the complete edition of the poems of Archibald Lampman is the most important addition to our poetic literature in the last decade. I do not feel called upon to state his rank with his contemporaries or to attempt a forecast of what the future has in store for his present fame. He was himself careless as to the one and unthinking as to the other. As regards everything worldly connected with his art, he had a perfect innocence; his one great concern was to produce his best.

The memorial edition of his poems was made up with the most catholic

spirit. Consulting my own taste and with an eye to a final judgment, I might have omitted a few things that seem to me not to add to its value. But the most of those were included in books that had already seen the light, and I felt that they might be missed by many who had an equal right with myself to be pleased with poetry.

The narrative poem, "The Story of an Affinity," while weak in construction and lacking the invention of incident that is the life of such work, has many fine qualities, and is set in a framework of such beauty that it stands against any adverse criticism.

The Drama, or Poem in Dialogue, contains much of his finest blank verse; the characters are clearly differentiated, and the whole treatment is cogent and sincere. His sonnets are, of course, everywhere glorious, and hardly another poet since Wordsworth can show so many of the highest quality, or a whole series of such varied interest.

I trust the collected poems dispelled the illusion that had arisen, that he was a poet occupied altogether with descriptions of nature. Nature in his interest came very near to man, but did not occupy the foremost place.

In his work, however, the use made of natural phenomena is very large, either where the matter is treated in a descriptive way, purely, or where it comes in by way of illustration to the human nature.

But this has been largely the practice of poets from all time and will continue so to be. A great proportion of the poetry that holds a very lofty place in the estimation of the world depends for its effect upon the happy blending of images and similes drawn from external nature with the thought-substance or emotion of the poem.

There are but few of Lampman's poems that do not lead from nature by a very short path to human life. The first impulse of his genius was the interpretation of nature, no doubt, but the desire to deal with human emotion, with the springs of human action, with the great hopes and desires of the

human soul, was implicit in his mind. From the earliest of his writings to the latest this secondary quality demands attention, will be heard, keeps gaining strength and importance.

A year or two before he died he had begun to observe a more just balance between the divisions of his genius. In such grave, noble and suggestive poems, as "The City of the End of Things," "The Land of Pallas," "The Largest Life," and very many others that I might mention we possess his natural accent not less than in such pieces of realism as "Heat," or "Among the Millet."

There are several attributes in which his genius resembled that of Keats, and no one of them is more striking than the power of growth and development which may be determined from a study of his poems. That other attribute, a generous nobleness of soul, and its various confederate qualities, he shared in degree with his more gifted forerunner. Where a discerning reader finds the greatest cause to lament the broken work of Keats is in his letters. There may be seen vestiges of the deep mentality upon which the poems were based. Lampman left no such record, but another in the hearts of his friends. There it exists. To the mind of one of them, at least, it is clear that the power for growth and the solid philosophy which possessed his mind would together have produced a finer, more spiritual poetry, a poetry giving more of comfort and more of insight into life than any he has left.

While closing the last paragraph the thought of another, who shall no more draw upon his genuine gift for our profit, springs to mind. Dr. Theodore Rand, who for years had been associated with all that was purest in Canadian poetry, died in 1900.

During his last years he gave much of his leisure to the compilation of an exhaustive anthology of Canadian poems which was published in 1900 under the title, "A Treasury of Canadian Verse."

Another distinct loss to letters was that occasioned by the death of Sir

James D. Edgar, whose last work was published in 1893, "This Canada of Ours."

Mr. E. B. Brownlow's scholarly verse may be found in the volume published posthumously in 1896, entitled "Orpheus."

But I must complete the record of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts' achievement during the decade by mentioning that delightful book which holds between its covers so much of Canada as to be called "The Book of the Native." It was published in 1896. "New York Nocturnes" followed two years later, a collection of striking *genre* pieces, having for motive, chiefly, the turbulent life of the great city.

The whole of Mr. Bliss Carman's production in book form falls within the period with which I am dealing. "Low Tide on Grand Pré" appeared in 1893; two years passed and "Behind the Arras" was published; in 1897 came "Ballads of Lost Haven"; in 1898 "By the Aurelian Wall"; and "A Winter Journey" in 1900. With the help of a kindred spirit he produced three books that are unique in their way and that have received much attention from a public that cares for a definite attitude. The "Songs from Vagabondia" were closed just the other day by the issue of the third and last volume, for Richard Hovey is lost forever to his companion and fellow-craftsman, and to us who admired his genial power. Each separate volume of Mr. Carman's has a distinctive tone. "Low Tide on Grand Pré" is given over to the spirit of unrest, to the longing that looks "before and after and pines for what is not"; "Behind the Arras" is taken up with allegories of human fate; "Ballads of Lost Haven" with concern of the sea, its mystery and the mystery of those who traffic upon it; "By the Aurelian Wall" is a book of Elegies; "A Winter's Journey" contains tropical pictures, and recollections of the northland from the equator. Each of these books, so diverse in content, is permeated with the charm of Mr. Carman's manner, a manner that came

in with him and that remains inimitable.

Mr. William Wilfrid Campbell's first book belongs to the earlier decade, but "The Dread Voyage," which was issued in the year 1893, better displays the essentially dramatic quality of his gift and the rare instinct that he possesses for a sympathetic interpretation of nature. None of our poets have so frequently grappled with the greatest problems of life and destiny and the humanism of his poems is their most striking quality. After "The Dread Voyage" came a book of tragedies in 1895; one, "Mordred," upon the Arthurian legend, and the other, "Hildebrand," dealing with the life of Pope Gregory VII, his character and his aims. After this book, in 1899, appeared a collection of Mr. Campbell's poems under the ægis of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., bearing the title of the initial poem "Beyond the Hills of Dream." The selection was happily made; it includes such notable work as "Lazarus" from "Lake Lyrics," and "The Mother," "Pan the Fallen," "An August Reverie," from "The Dread Voyage." It comprises newer pieces, some of the strongest of which appeared first between covers in this volume. I refer to the powerful poems, "Peniel," "The Vengeance of Saki," and "Phaeton," and those others, less forceful but not less important, the elegy, "The Bereavement of the Fields," and that charming idyl, "The Wayfarer." The book contains also several stirring contributions to national poetry under the titles "England," "The World - Mother" and "The Lazarus of Empire."

In the natural selection of strenuous subjects Mr. Campbell has a companion in the Rev. Frederick George Scott. In the three books he has given to the public, "My Lattice" in 1894, "The Unnamed Lake" in 1897, and "Poems Old and New" in 1899, the greater space is occupied by poems that deal with stormy motives, such as "Thor," "Samson," "The Frenzy of Prometheus." Such subjects are full of opportunity for vigorous writing and

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are dealt with by Mr. Scott in a direct and forcible style.

The only Canadian poet who can be said to stand in a class by himself is Dr. W. H. Drummond. Long before "The Habitant" made its appearance in 1897 his name was a household word in Canada and the humours of the "Wreck of the Jule Leplante" were known even where his name had not penetrated. Popular clamour led to the collection of the poems that had appeared in the newspapers from time to time. The book had an instantaneous success. It was purchased as no other book of verse published on this continent has been, and its success was deserved. The quaint dialect in which it is written had something to do with "The Habitant's" good fortune, but it was the least potent factor in the case. It is true the dialect throws about the book a native and essential atmosphere, but that constituent is so mingled with deep humour and fine pathos that the vehicle and the matter expressed cannot be divided. The dialect we may liken to *etoffe du pays*, the substance and spirit of the poems to the flesh and soul of Jacques Bonhomme. The result of this union is, that we have reproduced, in variety, a most lovable individuality, whose heart is easily moved, whose humour is contagious because it is so natural, and whose pathos is piercing from the same cause. "Phil-o-rum's Canoe" and "Madeline Vercheres" were issued in 1898 and repeated the triumphs of the earlier volume.

Merely as a matter of record I may here interject that in 1895 I published "The Magic House" and in 1898 "Labor and the Angel."

Mr. Francis Sherman commands attention by his first book "Matins" issued in 1896 and by several privately-printed booklets. The most remarkable of the latter is that entitled "In Memorabilia Mortis," a series of sonnets in memory of William Morris whose work is re-called in more than a superficial way in reading that of Mr. Sherman. The latter's work unrolls itself in a tapestry glowing with sub-

dued but deep colours and shrouded in an atmosphere of romance.

Another book that I recall with an impression that it has not had the attention it deserves, is Mr. John Henry Brown's "Poems Lyrical and Dramatic," which was issued in 1892. The sonnets contained in this volume are of excellent workmanship, and throughout the book gives the impression of high ideals and deep thought.

Another poet who has shown great progress during the last few years is Mr. John Stuart Thomson. His first volume was "Estabelle" issued in 1897, his second, "A Day's Song," in 1900. In reviewing this last book, in these columns, a few months ago I took occasion to point out its power. It appeals to the highest standards of technique and has a fine restraint. Mr. Thomson possesses a manner that is somewhat rare; a manner that combines native strength with classical unity of purpose and expression.

Mr. Arthur J. Stringer has lyrical power of a very exceptional quality. His style is concise and aphoristic. He fills his verses with striking suggestions and situations. His three books, "Watchers of Twilight," "Pauline," and "Epigrams," followed each other at intervals of a year, the first being issued in 1894.

I recall also with pleasure Mr. Bernard McEvoy's volume, "Away from Newspaperdom," which appeared in 1897 and made available the poems which from time to time he had contributed to various periodicals and journals. They have an idyllic touch and a wide range of human interest.

It was within the decade just closed that Rev. A. J. Lockhart issued "Beside the Narraguagus," which contains several ballads of excellent quality.

Mr. Gilbert Parker, whose verse is infrequent, produced in 1894 "A Lover's Diary," in sonnet-sequence, a well-developed series of much psychical interest.

Dr. Thomas O'Hagan also added to the general fund his two books, "In Dreamland" and "Songs of the Settlement."

Altogether about fifty books of verse have been published within the last decade. The record is remarkable when the difficulties that beset the author who offers matter for which there must always be a limited sale, are understood. It is difficult to appraise the value of this verse production, but it has surely not been without some result.

To glance at the effect beyond our boundaries, it may be ventured that a slight impression has been produced in England by the foremost of the poets I have mentioned. No encouragement has been given to any Canadian poet in that country either in a demand for editions of his poems, or in any extensive acceptances for periodical publication. In the main, our verse remains a matter of very little moment to the English public.

The United States, with whom we have mental affinities, has welcomed the work of Canadians, given it space and treated it seriously. The standing of Canadian literary men at home has depended largely upon the commendation of this support. Without that there would be less distinction or discrimination. Mr. William Dean Howells made the success of Lampman's first book. His genial criticism forced the recognition of that writer upon his own countrymen. Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman showed the breadth of his view by including in the "Victorian Anthology" a large selection of Canadian verse. This generous act did much to gain acknowledgment for our poets as worthy to rank in a final summing up of the work of the era.

When helped by foreign opinions our people have been quick in their interest and support, and, considering the conditions, it may be hazarded that appreciation has kept pace with performance.

So far as I am aware, there has been no single piece of verse that has spoken with so sure an accent as to become current among the Canadian people. Amid all this multitude of poems there has not been one that has entered deeply into very many hearts and become an epitome of individual longing or national hope. Using popular in one of its least hackneyed meanings, we must confess that there is no Canadian poetry that is popular with the Canadian people. This statement at first will wear a condemnatory face. If our poets cannot win the people to sing with them, of what use is the song?

The question has been asked and must be satisfied. Such poetry as we nearly all demand, poetry that will stir the heart, poetry that will enthrall, poetry that will lead and support great deeds is not written under the conditions that now obtain. The poet is the bondman of his time, and must serve, moulding bricks without straw, as the demand is made.

Our time, if not out of joint, is at least thewless. It is the uncertain aim, the lack of any national solidarity that acts and reacts upon everything thought and done.

The uses of such poetry as we have are, however, sufficiently evident. In the first place it stands for progress; in the second it begins to form the basis of tradition. Advance is essential in art; and tradition is most valuable. At present it is wise to judge this poetry in the mass, and not by particular examples. So judged it gathers into a sphere of very considerable importance. It is inspired by wholesome ideals and filled with the genuine spirit of nature; it is an advance upon pre-Confederation poetry, and it forms a standard and reference for future Canadian writers.

A Decade of Canadian Art



by M. L. Fairbairn



"LOOKING Backward" is quite as natural to most of us as it was to Lot's too curious wife, only the results are usually more happy. Indeed, except by looking backward we cannot arrive at any estimate of our progress, or know whether there has been progress at all. "The old order changeth, yielding place to the new," is ever the way of the world. What changes have the last ten years brought to Canadian art, and are they for the better?

The upholder of the good old days is prepared to tell you all about it. He may say that many of the best artists have left the country, unappreciated; that the great mass of the people care little about art, and know still less; that our various art organizations are not doing all they might or are doing it in the wrong way; that art is more poorly paid than ever; and much less of the same kind. It is all very depressing and discouraging, and there is truth enough in it to give an air of veri-similitude to the whole.

It is true, many good artists have left the country for one reason or another, but there seem to be a fair number left, who are quite their equals. Perhaps the majority of us are most unknowing about art (this is not the only country where that is the case), but there is always the saving minority, from whom come the growing number of art students, of art collectors, of appreciative attendants at one exhibition and one-man shows. As to art being poorly paid, it is a rather delicate question. Take illustrating, for instance; the number of illustrators has increased very much, methods of reproduction have changed, and the result has been lower prices for single pieces of work. And yet, is the change for the worse, when there is so much more to do? As to pictures, the re-

mark of an artist, the other day, may be a partial answer: "I paint better," he said, "than I did ten years ago; my prices are higher, but I sell fewer pictures. Even if I am no better off, it is a better state of things." Times of depression in trade, as there were several years back, affect art through no lack of appreciation. Each artist might tell a different story based on his own experience. This is what another one thinks: "Even in one year, I notice a difference in my own circle; there is more interest, more knowledge and taste, owing very much, I believe, to the increased number of good reproductions, and more inclination to buy. Others tell me the same. Of course art pays!"

It might be well, just here, to say a word about the purchase of foreign works of art and its effect on the home artist. Many thousands of dollars are spent yearly by Canadian connoisseurs and collectors and some say this money would be wonderfully encouraging to our own artists if invested in Canadian works of art. It is quite true. On the other hand, if a man is prepared to spend large sums on something exceedingly good, he wants the worth of his money. If he happens not to be a connoisseur himself, he does well to buy only such pictures as the best judges have pronounced good, and he will leave the "discovering" of hidden talent to someone with less money and more discernment in these matters. But there are other pictures of such historic interest or such surpassing artistic value, that there is no question of their being equalled by home production. Of such are the Rembrandt owned by Mr. James Ross of Montreal, the "First Communion," by Jules Breton, belonging to Lord Strathcona, Vandyke's portrait of Henrietta Maria in Senator Drum-

mond's collection, a Paul Veronese owned by Sir William Van Horne, and many another which might be named. These masterpieces are such a liberal education to those who see and can appreciate them, that they prove a powerful factor in forming public taste and the consequent development of the future buyers. It follows as surely as the day the night, that the artist world gains, not loses, by the presence of these foreigners. It must also be remembered that art patrons, lavish in spending large sums on great pictures, are usually those who are among the best patrons of native art. This have they done and not left the other undone.

Nothing could be more generous than the way in which the owners of large collections in Montreal have shown their treasures at the annual loan exhibitions in that city, which have become quite a feature the last few years. Here may be seen from time to time Rembrandt and Franz Hals, Fortuny and Ribera, Constant and Courtois, Mauve and Neuhuys, Reynolds and Gainsborough, Henner and Gerome, Jacques and Troyon, Turner and Watts, and many another—names to conjure with.

Our national art institution, the Royal Canadian Academy, during these ten years, has pursued the even tenor of its way, filling the vacancies made by death or removal, holding its yearly festival, staid, respectable, slowly progressive, adding to the permanent collection in Ottawa the diploma pictures of its new members. The number of exhibits each year has not increased because in former times each Academician was entitled to have twenty pictures hung, no matter what their merits, so the walls were always covered. The number has since been reduced to ten, and later to eight. The standard for the works of outsiders has been raised, so that with fewer pictures the exhibitions are better. At one time, most of the pictures were small, the subject was usually landscape or flowers, and water-colours predominated. This last exhibition of 1901 speaks

for itself by way of contrast. The artist of to-day does not limit himself to a small canvas, nor to landscape. Oils were in the majority and portraiture was well represented. Here were examples of various phases and movements in art, reflections of what is transpiring in the larger art world of which we are now a part. As for the attendance, if the interest of the public is to be gauged by the number of visitors, it is certainly on the increase.

Somewhere during the last ten years the movement, known as "impressionism," first showed itself here. Though adversely criticized and spoken of as a "craze" or "fad," it was something of far more importance. While we read of these wild vagaries abroad our home painters kept on in the good old way, "sang their little songs" (as William Hunt would have it) with no distracting or startling note. Then came one and another of these canvases from abroad, or from those who had been—vague, hazy and unreal, they appeared to some, while to others they seemed visions of light and air, of sunshine and out-of-doors. Those violet shadows and crude greens were certainly peculiar, the streaks and blobs of raw colour difficult to understand. It was all very bewildering and the wise shook their heads. But by and by the most knowing were aware that in these canvases there was no attempt to paint things as they are, but as they appear, and that, in spite of its exaggerations and eccentricities, the *plein-air* work held a truth and had come to stay.

So we have gradually fallen into line with the progress of art in this and other things, always a little behind, as is only natural with our youth and crudity. It is something, though, in these years to have outgrown the hide-bound methods of former times, to have some intelligent idea of why it is well not to attempt a three-volume novel in paint, and to know wherein an Israels and a Jacob Maris goes beyond the water-colour of our earlier artist. It is not pleasant to be told, now that we have got beyond it, that Canadian art,

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to the average Englishman, is represented by a nicely-finished, tight, topographically correct water-colour, that has been carried home by some one desirous of patronizing the colonies.

The various provincial and local art organizations have gone on steadily, holding exhibitions, supporting schools, affording encouragement in many ways to art study. The Women's Art Association, which was ten years ago in its infancy, has grown rapidly and has now branches in Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, St. John, Kingston, Brockville, London and Portage la Prairie, and is interesting and educating those who would be otherwise untouched. Its new headquarters in Toronto in the Confederation Life Building are spacious galleries.

The art schools throughout the country are increasing in numbers and efficiency, Toronto heading the list in the Ontario School of Art and Design with an attendance of over two hundred under a large staff of teachers. Montreal's School is well equipped with casts which are added to yearly, and is doing good work under Mr. Brymner. The scholarships are an incentive of the right kind. Both of these schools, as well as the one in Ottawa under Mr. Brownell, are giving more attention to work in the life classes because a greater number of advanced pupils are able to profit by them. The work of private schools has improved vastly, sketching from nature and sound fundamental teaching taking the place of the copying and over-elaboration of other days.

The art movement begun by William Morris in the application of art to the requirements of daily life, has born its fruits in Canada in the number of schools teaching the practical arts. The New Technical School in Ottawa, under Miss Marion Living and an able staff of teachers, has for several years been giving instruction in designing and various handicrafts; Miss Phillip's work in Montreal is somewhat along the same line, and also the work done under Mr. Gustav Hahn in the Ontario School of Design, and at the Toronto

Technical School. Our own artists are beginning to supply designs for our own manufactures, and "arts and crafts" is not an idle phrase. The term "artist" has now a much wider meaning than ten years ago, when it merely stood for the painter of pictures.

An initiatory move in the direction of giving these applied arts their right prominence was made last year in Toronto, when an "Exhibition of Art and Applied Design" was held in the gallery of the Ontario Society of Artists. Loan exhibits of a somewhat similar nature had been held before, but this showed only new and original work in the way of fabrics, furniture, decorative ornamentation, various kinds of metal work, and other examples of applied art. One of the most noticeable pieces of furniture was a piano, the case of which, simple in line and finish, was designed and decorated by Mr. G. A. Reid with painted panels.

About four years ago the Ontario Government gave to the Ontario Society of Artists the use of a large gallery in the new addition to the Normal School, of Toronto, where the work of its members could be constantly on view. The experiment has proved a success. Strangers invariably find it out, and in summer especially there has been a steady stream of visitors. Each year the gallery is rehung and purchases made by the Government for the permanent collection. This is, of course, a temporary arrangement until Toronto has her new home for art. The plans for this have been maturing slowly, and are now taking definite shape on a sound financial basis, so that, long before the next ten years are over, Toronto hopes to be no longer mortified at her lack of any suitable building for art purposes, but to be able to point with pride to her new Art Museum as an evidence that the love of art in her citizens is neither dead nor dormant.

Long before its appearance here we learned, through reading and travel, of the mural decorations in Europe and the States, of the beauties of the Pantheon, the Edinburgh University Hall,

the Boston Public Library, the Congressional Library at Washington, several large hotels and buildings in New York and elsewhere. In due time this development of art, which found its most characteristic, and perhaps highest expression in the works of Puvis de Chavannes, found its way here, so that there are now, as earnest of the future, the decorations in the new City Hall, Toronto, by Mr. G. A. Reid, an altar piece in Loretto Abbey, by Mr. Wyly Grier, a series of decorations for a country house on the Island of Orleans, by Mr. Brymner, and a number of smaller decorations in private houses in our large cities. The suitability of a picture painted with a view to its being in design and colour a part of the room it decorates, makes a strong plea to good taste, instead of the framed easel picture, an isolated thought, bearing no relation to the room where it may or may not find suitable lighting and surroundings. Here is the work our artists are waiting for, and for which many have already proved them quite competent. As in the days of Italy's greatest glory, why could not the best art be a great public possession, to be enjoyed by all, rich and poor? We have throughout our land fine city halls, magnificent depots, public halls, colleges, and libraries, all offering opportunity for decorating, each after its kind. What an inspiration and stimulus to rising genius to prove itself equal to the task!

In considering the improvement in general taste, some credit should be allowed to the advance in the methods of teaching drawing in the public schools. In most of the city schools there is free-hand drawing, elementary, but direct from nature, some attempt at illustrating, and an effort to express action in the simplest way possible. The art school leagues have multiplied wonderfully in the last few years, and are striving for better surrounding for the children, attempting improvement in the older schools as they are able, and aiming at more attention to beauty in the building of new. Harmony of line and colour,

rather than ornateness, must have their good effect on the child, and familiarity with the world's masterpieces through reproductions elevates and educates faculties otherwise untouched. "Nothing so lifts a man from his mean imprisonment, were it but for a few moments, as true admiration," says Carlyle, himself a living example of it in his "Heroes and Hero-Worship." The enthusiasm of a child for some person or event in history can be much stimulated by a correlative work in art.

The wisdom of this was borne in upon the writer very much the other day by some remarks of an Englishwoman who was a graduate of one of the large universities of her own country, and who confessed that though her training had been most thorough in certain branches of study, a great world of thought and feeling had never been touched on, had been as completely ignored as though not existent. "I knew nothing about art," she said, "had never heard of Giotto, and Raphael was only a name, and so were Watts and others of our own artists. We might, at least, have had our attention called to events in art as a part of history; we might have been advised to see these prints or that collection of pictures not far away, or at least a lecture on art might have been given once in a while to let us know there was such a thing. I am only beginning to realize what I have been missing, and how one-sided my education has been."

The progress of painting has been touched on, what about the spirit of art in our daily surroundings, so intangible yet all pervading, "making them all fair to look upon, filling the common ways of life with the reflection of some far-off brightness?" to quote Pater. Are we improving? Most certainly. But "the way to perfection lies through a series of disgusts." When it is remembered that that new birth of art which revolutionized Europe in the middle ages, was the work of centuries, can we expect as great results in so many decades? If these

last ten years can show us some improvement, we may take heart. In architecture the change is most obvious. Instead of dull uniformity, frivolous, ornamentation lack of proportion, and downright ugliness, we have individuality, symmetry without uniformity, delightful combinations of colour and material, and hints of older forms of beauty without servile copying. It is possible now to get fabrics, carpets, and hangings, of colour and design not hitherto dreamed of; the nightmares of needlework in panels and drapes are not often to be met with. As to furniture, there is always likely to be a supply of it poorly made, badly finished with its stuck-on ornaments, no thought of beauty or meaning in the lines. But the opposite may now be had, as never before, of pleasing design and solid workmanship,

combining utility and beauty in the highest degree.

It is not as much lack of money as of sincerity and simplicity that lies in the way of more artistic surroundings in the average household. We want so many things and we want them like those of some one else who has many times our income. Hence imitations that have nothing to recommend them, an over-supply of useless furniture and bric-a-brac. The naive decoration on some primitive pottery has a charm all its own; a bit of a glazed earthen jar may have a beauty far beyond some ambitiously-decorated vase, because of its sincerity.

One of William Morris' wise sayings would be a good test to apply to all our belongings: "Have nothing in your house which you do not know to be useful, or believe to be beautiful."

LITERARY REMINISCENCES.

By George Stewart.

AT the request of the editor of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE, I send for the centennial number some reminiscences of my career as editor of Canadian magazines. I began to write for the press very early in life, and in 1865, in St. John, N.B., established *The Stamp Collectors' Monthly Gazette*, which was withdrawn in 1867, when I founded *Stewart's Literary Quarterly Magazine* in the same city. It lived five years, and though as a financial venture, it was not very profitable, it earned quite a good reputation in Canadian letters. Its contributors were drawn from Newfoundland to British Columbia. The Rev. Moses Harvey, of St. John's, as well as Judge Prowse, were frequent writers in its pages. Dr. Harvey's valuable papers on Newfoundland did much to make that ancient colony known all over the world, for the newspapers,

attracted by the author's attractive style, made copious extracts from his articles. The last paper written by D'Arcy McGee, was sent to me, with the line, "Just starting for Ottawa; will be there during the next two or three months." It was entitled "Oxford the City of Colleges," and a most luminous and scholarly paper it was. The gifted statesman, orator and poet was assassinated only a few days before his article was published. Sir John Bourinot was in those days attached to the Senate staff, and rapidly making his way as a writer of sketches and short stories. He wrote for me: "The Mystery at the Chateau des Ormeaux," and "Among the Pines," as well as studies in a higher vein, such as "Cape Breton: Its History, Scenery and Resources," which has since been extended into a monograph of two hundred pages

in the "Transactions of the Royal Society," embellished by many maps and plans; "The Maritime Enterprise of British America," "Statesmanship and Letters" etc. Since then Sir John has transferred his allegiance from the legend and the essay, to books on the constitution, the history of Canada, and treatises on comparative politics and parliamentary law and practice.

Harry Venning, in those days, also, was a graceful and prolific writer, but he was, above all, a skilful angler, and he sent me two series of brilliant sketches, "A Bunch of Salmon Tails from the Miramichi," and "Sporting Sketches in New Brunswick and Maine." Hon. Peter Mitchell, who was Minister of Marine and Fisheries, on organizing his department wrote to me asking for the name of the author. I gave it to him, and shortly afterwards Venning was appointed an Inspector of Fisheries.

The writings of Dr. Daniel Clark, of Princeton, now superintendent of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, Toronto, published in the *Quarterly* his famous series, Pen Photographs, which attracted wide attention. He also wrote a striking study of speculative science, "A Photograph of the Soul."

The magazine was well supplied with contributions from the popular pens of Charles Sangster, Evan MacColl, Alexander McLachlan—great men in their day—John Reade, James Hannay, the historian of Acadia, a tuneful balladist and able editor; Dr. Elder, Senator John V. Ellis, Sir James LeMoine, Dr. Henry H. Miles, Prof. Lyall, of Halifax; the Scotch poet, William Murdoch, W. P. Dole, whose sonnets, and charming papers, signed "Lælius," gave the *Quarterly* a high standing in many circles; James L. Stewart, whose vigorous English and incisive style compelled attention; H. L. Spencer, the poet, Rev. Dr. James Bennet, who wrote "The Dream of Rags," "Phrenology of Churches," and Petofi, the Magyar poet, and Prof. John W. Gray, the artist, of Montreal, whose "Colour as Applied to Ladies'

Dress," had considerable vogue on account of its originality. Carroll Ryan wrote his most famous poem, "The Convent Porter," for the *Quarterly*, and his wife, neé Mary MacIver, was a frequent contributor of melodious verse. My short-story writers were E. G. Nelson, whose productions were always clever and bright, and spiced with humour, Miss Beatrice Jones, Miss Massman, Watten Small, Hannay, Irene Elder and Bourinot.

Begun in April, 1867, the last number of the *Quarterly* was published in January, 1872, completing a life of five years. It accomplished something when it brought together, from the various sections of our common country, the men and women who were contributing to the mental outfit of the New Dominion.

In May, 1878, I removed from St. John to Toronto, to take charge of Rose-Belford's Canadian monthly. *Belford's Magazine* had been running a couple of years, and *The Canadian Monthly*, though a very excellent publication, was not paying. It was decided to amalgamate the two serials, and I was selected editor. The public demanded illustrations, but, in those days, the cost of having engravings made in Canada was so high that we were forced to buy from the Harpers' and Scribners' firms of New York, and Lippincotts of Philadelphia, cuts which had appeared in their magazines. These we secured at a reasonable price. Lady Blanche Murphy was a constant contributor. She had a sad life, but her pen never betrayed the suffering which she was undergoing. James Payn, Besant and Rice, Wilkie Collins and Edgar Fawcett, were our novelists. Payne was not very much embarrassed with wealth at that period, but he wrote well, and his terms were within reach of the financial resources of the magazine. When he came into his money he raised his rates, and did not write as well as he did before. I bought two stories from Wilkie Collins, "The Haunted Hotel, a Mystery of Modern Venice," and "Fallen Leaves." "The Haunted

Hotel" was slight in texture, but like all of Collins' work, it was fascinating. The price paid for it was one hundred pounds, and we had both serial and book publication rights, and the privilege of selling it to any American publisher, save Harper Bros., of New York, with whom the author had had a quarrel. *The New York Sunday World* paid \$300 for "The Haunted Hotel," which reimbursed us pretty well.

Collins belonged to the school of Dickens rather than that of Thackeray. He was a happy medium between the two. He never preached or digressed, but he told his story in a continuous way, and never made his reader halt between chapters. Of course the "Woman in White" is his principal novel, but he had in his own mind the idea, that "The Fallen Leaves," for which my publishers paid five hundred dollars, was destined to surpass in interest and in strength anything that he had written. With every part he wrote me a note. He was a great stickler for form, and in dealing with editors and publishers, strict business principles were insisted upon. Among the many letters which I received from him, while the "Fallen Leaves" was passing through the press, is one which calls attention to "Simple Sally," who makes her debut in the 21st chapter of that romance. He says: "You will find that the 16th weekly part introduces a new character, belonging to a class which some of my brethren are afraid to touch with the tips of their pens. She is, nevertheless, the chief character in the story, and will probably lead me into another novel in continuation of 'The Fallen Leaves.' You will see, especially when you receive the revise of part 17, that the character is so handled as to give no offence to any sensible person, and that every line is of importance to the coming development of the girl, placed amid new surroundings. But, perhaps, some of the nice people with nasty ideas, on your side of the ocean, may raise objection. In this case you are

entirely at liberty to state as publicly as you please (if you think it necessary) that my arrangement with you stipulates for the absolute, literal reprinting of 'The Fallen Leaves,' from my revises, and that the gentle reader will have the story exactly as I have written it, or will not have the latter portions of the story at all. I don't anticipate any serious objections. On the contrary, I believe Simple Sally will be the most lovable personage in the story. But, we have (as Mr. Carlyle reckons it), thirty millions of fools in Great Britain and Ireland—and (who knows?), some of them *may* have emigrated? I intended to write a short letter. 'Hell is paved—' you know the rest.

Yours very truly,

WILKIE COLLINS.

London, March 13, 1879."

The magazine won its way. Prof. Goldwin Smith supplied his masterly papers on current events by a "By-stander," as well as a pungent article now and then. Among the latter was his remarkable paper on Berlin and Afghanistan. The relations between contributor and editor were never happier than those which were enjoyed by Dr. Smith and myself. Once only we differed over an article which he had written, but ten minutes' conversation regulated matters. Sir Francis Hincks wrote strongly on the Letelier difficulty in Quebec, and broke a lance with Prof. Smith. Some years afterwards the old statesman called at my residence in Quebec, to ask me to give him the name of his opponent. Of course, I could not gratify him without the consent of the writer. Mr. Wm. Rattray was also a constant contributor, and when Dr. Smith was not able to supply all the matter for Current Events, Rattray took the pen. He also wrote some of the book reviews for the magazine. He wrote a very small, fine hand, on little squares of paper, and he never kept the printers waiting for copy. Mr. F. T. Jones wrote articles from the agnostic point of view, and Martin J.

Griffin published his quarrel with the *XIXth Century* which provoked some controversy in the newspapers. Jones sent in a caustic rejoinder entitled "My Quarrel with Martin J. Griffin," but I did not care to admit it, as I saw that it would lead to endless discussion, and perhaps, in the end, would have a damaging effect on the magazine. Then as now, the copy-right question was an uppermost topic in Canada, and Mr. G. Mercer Adam gave us a spirited paper on the subject.

Mr. Walter Townsend, an able and strong critical writer, published with us a number of literary papers, his studies being Matthew Arnold, Robert Southey and Shelley, while Mr. J. L. Stewart added critical contributions on Wilkie Collins, the early English stage, and Lever's Military Tales. Mr. D. B. Read wrote a reminiscent paper on the Ontario bar of eighty years

ago. Hon. Wm. C. Howells, then representing the United States in Toronto as Consul, the father of Wm. Dean Howells, the American novelist, well read in science and literature, enriched the pages of the magazine now and then. He wrote "Superficial Learning," and some notes on the life, work and career of Richard Realf. Mr. R. Rutland Manners from time to time furnished our readers with some very good poems, and John Reade's name often appears in poetry and prose of a very high order of merit. At intervals, "Fidelis," who is ever faithful to Canadian publications, and the venerable Mrs. Traill, added their pens to those of their fellow-writers. I remained with the magazine about a year, when I retired from it to accept the editorship of *The Quebec Chronicle*. My successor was Mr. G. Mercer Adam, a former editor of *The Canadian Monthly*.

THE PURPOSE OF A NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

By J. Gordon Mowat.

A TRULY national magazine, broad, comprehensive, thoughtful, bright, in its utility to a nation is scarcely second to a great university. Its mission is to stimulate and afford expression to the higher thought and tastes of a people, to bring the country's best thought, under the most favourable circumstances and in the most attractive form, before the best classes of the country's readers—the classes upon whom the shaping of the political, social, intellectual and even industrial future of the nation most largely depend. This mission can be better performed by a national magazine than by university, newspaper or book. The newspaper is too transient, too hurriedly read and often too hurriedly written and too cursory in its treatment of things to do the needed service

in the culture of a busy man. Current books, however valuable, there is little time for most people to read with profit, so the sharpening training of college halls is not maintained. The stimulus to intellectual effort and the interest in higher thought would in most instances weaken or die away were it not that a good magazine proves a constant educator, not put aside as too trifling or too tedious. It is reserved for the quietest half hours of comfortable leisure, when the mind is in the most receptive mood and most ready to respond to facts and arguments attractively and candidly presented, or to the quiet touches of beauty, humour, pathos, that lighter literature furnishes in select form in the pages of such a magazine. Here the statesman or political thinker speaks in well-weighed

utterances, appealing not to party prejudice, but to the quiet, sincere judgment of the leading men of every party in every section of the country. Here, too, in nearly every question of interest, the best thought is found in the best form—and not in spoonfuls, but in satisfying meals. The contributor attempts to do his best, for he knows that his audience is the best the country affords, and that his thoughts are handed down to future generations. A magazine, such as is here indicated, covers nearly everything of past and present interest in national life and reaches far into the future in its grasp of possible developments. It should reach every corner of the land and meet with equal favour from intelligent men of every party and creed. It is valued in every cultured home. What it is to the older members of the community, who shape the nation to-day, it is to the younger who will shape the nation to-morrow. It is a great national university, diffused, without loss of effectiveness, throughout an entire nation.

The mission of a national magazine, important though it be in the development and maintenance of national culture, receives in Canada scarcely more than a vague and passing thought from the vast majority of people who, from education, intelligence or public spirit, might be expected to take an interest in the subject. Of course, we have an abundance of magazine literature, the product of other lands. Much of it is excellent and greatly to be desired by thinking people. But good as it is, it does not meet the national needs. As to a large body of the magazine literature, usually cheap, extensively circulated in the Dominion, it is not of a class than can be said to be of much value in cultivating the higher intellectual faculties and tastes of the people. "The topmost froth of thought" has

no doubt its utility; a dash of it in the face is grateful, especially when the face is flushed and fevered through a chase after butterflies, but it is not the literature really needed for the home. It can scarcely be called wholesome, and for national purposes it is almost valueless. A national magazine, while giving due attention to the large matters that engage world-wide attention and furnishing Canadian contributions to the discussion of these matters, should give special prominence to the broad political, social and industrial questions of the country, to its history, art, literature, resources and almost everything not of merely transient importance that interests a considerable proportion of its readers. It should be an energizing repository of the best thought of the people that is both of present and future value. The souls of books to be may well take outline in its pages; the aspirations that fill the noblest minds of the country may well find in its pages from month to month adequate utterance that will meet at once with sympathetic response from tens of thousands in every part of the land, and result in intellectual and moral quickening and in bringing about with celerity forward steps in true and harmonious national progress.

In Canada, which is necessarily dependent for most of its literature on kindred and larger nations, largely self-absorbed, a realization of the importance of the mission of a Canadian national magazine is very much to be desired. To make this mission successful is well worthy of the substantial, practical encouragement of broad-minded citizens. Let us have an abundance of good magazines whether foreign or not. But in the home, even if the number of periodicals to find entrance must be few indeed, let a national magazine of the character described, find a place.



The Perils of the Red Box

By Headon Hill

PERIL II.—THE DRAGOMAN OF THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY.

IT was during the acute phase of the Cretan trouble, when the dear friends comprised in the Concert of Europe were scraping their fiddles to the tune that Greece died of. I had been kicking my heels in Constantinople for three days, having brought out important despatches, for the reply to which I was instructed to wait before taking the road for home.

In search of shade and, if it must be confessed, of a cooling drink, I had wandered into the hall of the Hotel de l'Europe, where I had found young Peters, one of our junior *attachés*. In his congenial society, and with the aid of a long tumbler with plenty of crushed ice in it, I had passed a pleasant hour when a man came in from the street and sat down at the next table. The new-comer walked into the place leisurely enough, but he seemed to be out of breath. He wore a fez and a threadbare black frock-coat, and his sallow complexion and foxy eyes proclaimed him, at the first glance, a Levantine.

"What does that mean?" I whispered. "The fellow is dead beat with running; yet he tried to let on that he was strolling in in the most casual manner."

Peters laughed. "I don't know what it means, but you may be very sure that it means *something*," he replied. "There is always a reason at the back of that gentleman's antics. Don't you know who he is?"

"Only that he looks a boiled-down essence of Levantine duplicity," said I.

"He is Zgoureff, one of the dragomans of the Russian Embassy, and

your description fills the bill," Peters whispered under his breath. "From Eastern Roumelia, of a Slav father and a Greek mother, I have been told—a bad breed. Hullo! here comes one of our cavasses."

The *attaché's* concluding sentence was spoken aloud, and drew my attention to a be-sashed and baggily-breeched servitor of our Embassy who had just entered the hall of the hotel. On seeing us he advanced to our table and delivered himself of his message, which was to the effect that my despatches would be ready in time to admit of my departure by the homeward bound Orient express that same afternoon. His Excellency the Ambassador would receive me at three o'clock to hand me any final letters which he might find occasion to write in the *interim*.

When the cavass had bowed and retired, Peters and I rose and followed him out, for though it was barely noon I had some small commissions to execute in the curio shops before going back to my own hotel to pack my bag. In the doorway I turned round, and saw that Zgoureff, the Russian dragoman, was sipping his lemonade with the air of lazy contentment. I drew the attention of Peters to the fact.

"Yes," he said, "but don't you think he's a little overdoing the *dolce far niente*, considering the mode of his entrance? I have been wondering, Melgund, whether the beggar headed off our man in order to hear the message he was charged with. It is pretty difficult to get the set of all the undercurrents in the game of cross-purposes that's being played here now."

"Hardly likely," I said. "He would not expect a cavass to be entrusted with the verbal delivery of important political secrets."

"Yet I wonder," persisted Peters, only to drop the subject as we met a mutual acquaintance.

But I wondered also, when three hours later the Ambassador spoke his last words to me.

"There you are, Captain Melgund," he said, as he handed me the last despatch. "Lock it into your box 'right away,' as our friends at the American Legation would put it. If the good people at either the Russian or German Embassies could get the gist of the contents of one of those documents—separately and individually, mind you, without the others knowing it—they would solve the Eastern Question with a vengeance, and make either the Tsar or the Kaiser master of Europe.

"The despatch to which you refer is in cypher, your Excellency?" I asked.

"It is more than usually in cypher," laughed the Ambassador. "I regard that despatch with such affection that I have myself prepared a special code for it rather than trust to the ordinary Foreign Office affair, which as likely as not is known to our rivals. Here is the key of the cypher. Of course you will not put it in the box, but carry it on your person, so that if by any mischance you are separated from your despatches they will be unintelligible to the finder."

He handed me an envelope which I placed in my pocket-book, and having taken leave of his Excellency I made my way to the terminus. The words let fall by the Ambassador, and his precaution in inventing a special cypher for the despatch, awoke in me the suspicion that after all young Peters might have been right in his surmise as to the Russian dragoman. Could it be, I conjectured, that Zgoureff had placed himself near us because he took an interest in my movements, and had reason to believe that they would be influenced by the message brought by a cavass?

If so he had undoubtedly gained his object, for he had sat well within ear-shot, and the thought that there might be mischief brewing caused me to hug the red box closely, and scan the crowd at the station for a glimpse of Zgoureff's ugly face. Preparations

for the start of the train were being made in leisurely Turkish fashion, and I had plenty of time to make a tour of the carriages, but the search was unrewarded. Neither on the platform nor among my fellow-passengers was the dragoman of the Russian Embassy to be seen.

Satisfied on this point I established myself in a carriage in the forward part of the train, whence I had a clear view of the barrier. Thus if Zgoureff arrived at the last moment I should be forewarned that I had him for a fellow-traveller. Still he came not, but the clang of the starting-bell had just ceased when a frock-coated, scarlet-fezzed figure appeared at the barrier and hurried towards the next compartment. For a moment I thought that I had spotted my man, but a second glance proved that I was mistaken. As the late arrival stepped on to the footboard I saw that I had been misled by a general resemblance of dress and style. Further, I recognized him as some one who was *not* Zgoureff, and a minute later when the Orient express moved out of the station I was tolerably certain that that worthy was not on board.

My recognition of the man in the next carriage, however, had furnished me with food for reflection. Only the day before he had been pointed out to me in the streets of Pera by young Peters as Demetrios, a dragoman of the German Embassy, and the farewell confidences of our Ambassador suggested a possible reason for his presence on the train. His Excellency had plainly indicated the enormous advantage that would accrue to either the Russian or German Governments if they could individually possess themselves of the information I was carrying. The idea at once occurred that Demetrios of the Germany Embassy was playing the game that I had attributed to Zgoureff of the Russian, and that he was after my despatches. It was more than probable that the wily Greek had "bested" his rival by some ruse for preventing him from catching the train.

I had the compartment to myself, and as I settled down to watch the fleeting landscape I decided that of the two I would rather have the German dragoman on my hands. As a Greek he would naturally be chock-full of inborn cunning, but he was a manlier-looking scamp than the other, and being better favoured in thews and sinews, seemed a more worthy antagonist for a British soldier used to straight grips with his foes. The appearance of Zgoureff had suggested dark alleys, prowling footfalls, and a prod in the back with a knife.

The Orient express stops at only three stations between departure from Constantinople at 4.10 in the afternoon and arrival at Adrianople half-an-hour after midnight. But at neither of these stations did Demetrios leave his compartment, and as long as it was daylight I was able to devote the long runs from stopping place to stopping-place to unmolested contemplation of the fertile fields of Thrace; and when the shadows of night fell on olive garden and vineyard I dosed away the hours with a full sense of security.

I was awoke by the slackening speed as the train approached Adrianople, where there was a stoppage of ten minutes for refreshment—the last chance of stoking the inner man before arrival at Sarembey in the morning. As soon as the train drew up at the ill-lighted platform I made my way to the miserable buffet, glancing into the compartment occupied by Demetrios *en route*. He was apparently sleeping soundly in his corner, without any intention of descending.

Having swallowed a plate of execrable soup and half a bottle of sour claret, I returned to my compartment—none too soon, for the train began to move as I leaped in. After turning to secure the handle I resumed my seat next the door, and was in the act of depositing my despatch-box on the opposite seat when the queer sensation that I was being watched by human eyes caused me to glance to the other end of the carriage. There sat Demetrios, smiling pleasantly at me.

The fellow must have hidden under the seat while I was at the buffet, and must have slipped out while my back was turned for the purpose of fastening the door.

It was a case for a prompt understanding, and I flatter myself that I obtained it. I never travel on duty east of Vienna unarmed, and first replacing the box on my knees, I whipped out a Derringer and levelled it at my fellow-passenger's head. He shrank into his corner, putting up his hands.

"You never not shoot me, sare?" he stammered. "I never not go for to do no harm."

"I am not going to shoot you if you behave yourself, but we are going to sit like this till we reach Moustapha Pasha an hour hence. Then you will get out and go into another carriage, or to the devil—whichever you please."

"But, sare, you make great outrage on innocent man!" he protested. "I am quiet merchant gentlemen travelling on business."

"Not a bit of it! You are a dragoman of the German Embassy travelling for the purpose of stealing my despatches," I replied. "The game is up, Demetrios; all you have to do is to sit and make faces at my pistol."

My knowledge of his name had the desired effect, and he saved himself the trouble of further lies. As I have said, he was not a bad-looking rascal, and at the failure of his mission his mouth took a melancholy curve that would have appealed to the women-folk. He made one or two plausible attempts at conversation, but I sternly repressed them, and kept him covered till the train ran into the little station at Moustapha Pasha. Then I bade him get out, repeating my warning against further attempts.

"And if you see Zgoureff of the Russian Embassy," I added, "you can pass the warning on to him."

Demetrios was hurrying to find another compartment, but at this he turned and came back. I noticed that he had gone suddenly pale.

"Is it that Zgoureff is in the train?" he asked tremulously.

"Can't say, but he is displaying an equal interest in my despatch-box," I said, just to show him that I was well posted.

"Then in that case, sare, you may make what you call the cock-sure that I not trouble you more," said Demetrios, sighing plaintively. "I go on in train to Sarembey, so as catch fast train back to Constantinople, but I speak true when I say that I no wish for that box. If Zgoureff wants it he will have it—and the life of the man who stands between. That shall not be *me*, I promise you."

He stepped into the next compartment, and beckoning the guard I asked him to lock the door. The intrusion of Demetrios had robbed me of an hour's sleep, and though I had little expectation that he would face my trusty Derringer again, I felt that my slumbers would be more peaceful if entrance at the few stopping-places were rendered impossible.

I slept till we reached Philippopolis in the grey of dawn, and thence onward sat wakeful. We ran through the squalid station of Tatar Bajardjik without stopping, into the tedious series of gradients among the foothills of the Balkan range. The change of scenery from the verdant plains to the barren and rugged grimness of the mountain lands, used as I was to it, struck me as especially weird that morning. As the train climbed the gradients and wound its way over the twisting viaducts, signs of human habitation dwindled. In place of teeming villages there were only visible at long intervals isolated dwellings perched among the rocks—ancient houses, almost castles, some of them, that were probably robber-haunts in the not distant past.

The train ran clear of a viaduct into a curved cutting, that for three hundred yards formed one of the few level bits of road in that section of line. It was the practice of the drivers to put on speed at this point so as to gain an impetus for the next gra-

dient—a dangerous custom, considering the acuteness of the bend. We had just rounded the curve when there came a tremendous shock, a thundering crash, and I was flung hither and thither like a shuttlecock to land amid a smother of splinters and scalding steam against the rocky wall of the cutting.

The engine lay on its side, and the carriages nearest to it, mine among the number, had "telescoped." So much and one other detail my dazed senses grasped before I swooned with the pain of an injury to my head. The other detail was that the catastrophe was no accident. The trunks of several heavy trees—a regular timber-stack, in fact—had been piled across the metals, forming an obstruction which not even a London and North-Western engine could have tossed aside.

When I recovered consciousness I was lying on a bed in a large room, the walls of which were of stone. Opposite to me was an unglazed window-opening, which disclosed a panoramic view of a valley far below. I had no time to make further acquaintance with my surroundings, for there came and bent over me one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen. And yet, as I gazed up at her chiselled Grecian features, I became conscious of something catlike or tigerish in them that repelled. I tried her in Greek.

"Where am I? What has happened?" I asked.

"I am Daphne, and you are my guest," she answered. "You were injured in the accident on the railway this morning. They brought you here because—because it was the nearest house."

"I am deeply indebted," said I. "Can you tell me what has become of a red leather box which I was holding when I was flung from the train?"

"You were still holding it when you were found at the road-side," replied the girl. "It is now at your head, under the pillow. It was broken open—in the fall from the train it is my belief."

Something in her tone caused me to turn over and clutch at the box, but I was too weak to handle it, and fell back exhausted. Divining my intention, she deftly drew the box from under the pillow and gave it to me. The lid looked more like having been prised open than smashed, and on running through the contents I found all the despatches there except the important one written in the Ambassador's invented cypher. In an instant I was examining my pocket-book, and was reassured to find that the private code, without which the despatch was so much waste paper, remained in my possession. The other contents of my pockets, including my revolver, were also undisturbed.

It has ever been my way in a case of doubt and difficulty where a woman is involved to make love to that woman without delay. By so doing, if the sentiments you profess are reciprocated you provide yourself with an ally; if your addresses are unappreciated, it should be your own fault if you do not contrive to tread on some pet feminine corn which will startle the subject into playing into your hands. As an Irish soldier I am proud to say that the former of the two alternatives has more frequently been my lot.

On discovering my loss I looked up at Daphne, and Daphne looked down at me. As I have said, beautiful though she was I was not attracted by her, yet from her manner of receiving the admiration that I threw into my glance I already began to count upon her help.

"What taper fingers you have!" I remarked, as I shut down the damaged lid and allowed her to replace the box beneath my pillow.

"You must be getting better to talk like that," she said, tossing her head, but evidently not ill-pleased with the compliment.

I followed suit with some more bare-faced flattery, and by the end of a quarter of an hour had made an undoubted advance into the girl's good graces. She took to me as a canary does to sugar, and I only wished that

she hadn't that indefinable something about her that made me wish her miles away. But it was time to put her to a practical use.

"I believe that you could do me a very great favour if you chose to add to your kindness," I said abruptly, as she finished telling me how they had thought me dead when her brother's goat-herds brought me in from the railway that ran a mile below the crag on which the house was perched.

"What would you have me do?" she asked, flushing faintly.

"Find for me a paper which is missing from those in the box," I replied, watching her closely. "The box was uninjured when I fell from the train. I know it, for I did not faint immediately."

The significance of the accusation almost amounted to an accusation, but she chose to pass it over.

"I will inquire among the men who carried you here," she said, "but I have heard of no such paper."

"Do your best to recover it for me, Daphne, and the light of your glorious eyes will never fade from my remembrance," I murmured, stroking the hand which she had laid upon the coverlet. "I cannot depart hence without that document. The loss of it would bring me to shame."

A deep groan close at hand startled me, and turning on my side I was astonished to see another bed parallel with mine against the bare stone wall. I had scarcely had time to stifle my surprise on recognizing its occupant as Demetrios, my late fellow-passenger, when a harsh voice, pitched low, called "Daphne!" My changed position caused by the groan had brought a doorway within my view, and as my fair hostess flitted towards it I caught, framed therein, the momentary vision of a face. It was the face of Zgoureff, the dragoman of the Russian Embassy.

Daphne quitted the room, and I lay still for a few seconds thinking. Though I had a bad headache from the somersault against the rocky cutting, I felt that I was otherwise unhurt and had the use of my limbs; I was also

fairly sure in my mind that Zgoureff had stolen the despatch after engineering the "accident" for my benefit, and reaching the spot by an earlier train in order to do so. But the question that occupied me as I lay silent was how far Demetrios was my fellow-victim, and how far, if at all, he was in collusion with Zgoureff.

Another groan roused me to commence diplomatic relations with the man of the German Embassy.

"Well, Demetrios," I said, "we did not think to finish our journey like this. You must be badly hurt to make such a noise."

"It is not that I cry for pain of body, sare," whimpered the Greek. "It is that you make the love to Daphne who has been since a year, when she come to Constantinople, to me as a goddess. Oh! it was great happiness to smash the leg and to find that the house they bring me to is of her I love. Then you wake up and in ten little minutes make your way to her heart. I see it in her eyes. That all bad enough, but then you go and say a thing to cheat yourself of your own game and keep you here long time. She stop you finding that paper, now you say you not go till you got it. She like to have you here too mooch."

There was no mistaking the love-sick rascal's earnestness, and with a thrill of chagrin I quite saw the force of his argument. If I had really roused a tenderness in the girl, my knowledge of the sex told me that I had been at some pains to defeat my own ends. But the fears of Demetrios inferred a power on Daphne's part to prevent me from regaining the despatch, from which I deduced that he knew or suspected that she had had a hand in relieving me of it. I recognized my blunder, but with the adroitness of a good tactician I decided to utilize it as it stood rather than try to undo it.

"My friend, it is the privilege of woman to choose for herself," I said. "Yet much as Daphne pleases me, I will promise to go away and leave the

field clear as soon as I recover the lost document. Do you happen to know who took it?"

"Daphne, she steal it herself. I see her break the box and take paper out of the room just after we come," replied the unchivalrous wretch.

"So! And do you know Miss Daphne's patronymic?" I asked.

He professed—truly, as was confirmed by his subsequent demeanour—complete ignorance on the point. He had only met her once or twice in a public dancing-room in Pera, and the devotion which he had laid at her feet had not met with any great response. At least so I guessed from its not having led to a more formal introduction, and from the fact that he had not seen her again till he was carried into the house from the railway with a broken leg. I learned later that by a singular coincidence Demetrios and I were the only passengers injured.

I sprang a surprise on him. "Her name is Zgoureff," I said. "At least she spoke of her brother being here, and just now I caught sight of Zgoureff of the Russian Embassy at the door."

The look of terror that came into the Greek's handsome eyes was an eloquent tribute to my antagonist's reputation. Demetrios had clearly had no idea that his courtship, if successful, would give him the redoubtable Russian dragoman for a brother-in-law, and was wondering how his proposals would be received in that quarter.

"Zgoureff, the throat-slitter!" he muttered in his native tongue, turning on his pallet so as to watch the door. Then in English he replied aloud—

"What you say is news, sare, to me; all same I knew that Zgoureff's home was in Eastern Roumelia. I mooch think you never see that despatch again if Zgoureff has it."

"Oh yes, I shall," said I. "I am going to look for Zgoureff now, and if I cannot find him, I shall amuse myself by making love to his sister."

I rose from the rude bed, rejoiced to find that I was little the worse for my fall, and taking the box with me,

left the love-sick Greek to writhe in helpless jealousy. He had been useful, so far that I knew exactly how the land lay—that Daphne had stolen the despatch at her brother's instigation. A plan was already maturing in my mind for making Demetrios more useful still in the event of a certain contingency.

That contingency was that Zgoureff would keep out of my way till he had reconsidered the situation. That he had discovered the uselessness of the despatch in its present form I had no doubt, or he would have been off with it to Constantinople. He would be pretty certain to remain in the neighbourhood so long as I was there, in the hope of obtaining by violence or cunning the means of translating the despatch. My intention was to clap my pistol to his head and blow his brains out if he would not restore the paper. In doing so I knew that I should have my Government at my back, after the accident to the Orient express.

The house I found to be a large one-storied structure, with many rooms abutting on a central hall or courtyard open to the sky. Walking to the arched entrance I came out upon a narrow plateau, from which a winding path led to a gorge which, a mile lower down, was spanned by the viaduct which the train had crossed before the smash. Behind the house the ground rose in rugged terraces to the summit of a lofty range of hills.

There was no one in sight but a goat-herd tending his flock half-way down the gorge, but I had not been there a minute when Daphne came out on to the plateau. She tried to show surprise, but had evidently hurried after me.

"You were going away," she said reproachfully.

"By no means! That would be the act of a churl—without thanking you and your brother for what has been done for me under this roof," I replied, looking her straight in the eyes. "Where is this hospitable brother of yours, Daphne?"

"He is gone to Sarembey—on business about our vineyard in the valley. We are but farmer-folk and tillers of the soil," was the nervously-spoken reply. "He will return at eventide. Come into the house and eat. You must be weak from want of food."

The invitation was tempting, for it was past noon, and I had fasted since my midnight snack at the Adrianople buffet. As I turned to accompany her my gaze, which had been ranging upwards to the rough ground above the house, was arrested by the face of a man peering round a boulder. It was withdrawn instantly, but not before I recognized its owner as Zgoureff.

"Your brother went to Sarembey over the mountain behind your house?" I said, smiling down at my companion.

"Oh! talk to me of yourself, not of my brother," she snapped. And she added in a melting tone, "You will not go till you have found the paper? I have sent four of our herds to search for it by the railway-line."

I saw that my allusion was lost upon her, and that she had no idea that she or her brother had incurred my suspicion. That suited my purpose of coming face to face with Zgoureff well, for it showed that he was only keeping out of my way to avoid recognition—not because he knew himself to be already detected, in which case he might have decided to bolt with the despatch, trusting to luck to be able to decipher it.

Daphne led me back into the house, to a barely-furnished room, where a fierce-eyed old crone, whom she introduced as her mother, was spinning flax at an old-fashioned wheel. The elder woman after one furtive scowl paid me no further attention, but the girl set food and wine before me and laid herself out to be entertaining. As it suited my plan to appear to be smitten, I struggled against my inborn aversion and played up to her to the full extent of my unrivalled experience. I soon found, however, that she carried too many guns for me, and I was

grateful for the old woman's company. For the first time in his life Jocelyn Melgund knew what it was to feel coy.

All the time I was eating, and afterwards as we flirted through the lazy hours of the afternoon, I kept a watchful eye and a wary ear for signs or sounds of Zgoureff, but none were forthcoming. Now and again Daphne went to see if Demetrios, for whom she professed profound contempt, wanted for anything, and on these occasions I would slip out on to the plateau to scan the gorge and the hillside—entirely without result. If Zgoureff had devised a scheme for, through me, getting at the true inwardness of the despatch, the time was not yet ripe for its practice.

At length, having announced my intention of staying for the night, I went to pay a visit to Demetrios. The German dragoman was an important card in the game I meditated, but I had hardly expected him to fall so readily to my hand. If he could have kept the eager cunning out of his shifty eyes, I might have attached no meaning to his failure to reproach me further about Daphne; as it was, I was able to respond readily when he received me with the confidential whisper—

"Great news for you, sare. I done my best get that paper, but it all what you call no go. Paper gone to Constantinople."

"You have seen Zgoureff?" I said sharply.

"Yes, I see him," Demetrios replied. "He came in soon after you go away, and tell me things. He very frightened you catch him and crept in by back-door so as not go near room where you talk with Daphne. He say paper no use to him because written in new cypher, so go back with it to Constantinople, and try and steal code from British Embassy by bribing the cavass."

This was a plausible tale enough, but just a little too childlike and bland for me. I was prepared to believe that Zgoureff, for pumping purposes, had sneaked in to see his other victim—it

was in the hope that he would sneak in again that I was visiting the sick-room—but that he would go off on a wild-goose chase like that indicated was incredible. He would first want to know more about my ability to supply a key to the despatch, if he was the man I took him for, and I was there with the object of furnishing him with that knowledge—through the excellent Demetrios.

"Zgoureff is a fool," I said. "I have it here in my pocket-book—see! I keep it in my breast—a code by which that cypher can be read. I love his sister, and I would gladly have given him the code to secure his favour. However, it is no matter, for Daphne prefers me to you, Demetrios, and I go to console myself for the loss of the despatch."

With which I turned upon my heel and went back to the living-room, well satisfied by the vengeful look hurled after me by Demetrios that my train was laid. When I entered Daphne retreated hurriedly from the unglazed window, through which, from her flushed and defiant expression I guessed that she had been carrying on a heated controversy. Zgoureff was prowling, evidently. Well, he should have his chance.

"Come, Daphne, let us go for a stroll in the twilight," I said. "Show me your goats, and the grain-patch which I noticed on the slope of the hill."

So we wandered about in the gathering dusk of the summer evening, my companion parrying all my allusions to the missing despatch with a sullen persistency that gave me a clue to what had just happened at the window. Her brother had been trying to induce her to worm from me whether I possessed facilities for translating, or knew the contents of, the paper I was so anxious to find; and she, eager as ever to prevent my departure, had been refusing to do his bidding.

As it was necessary to my purpose to keep her in good humour, I fell in with her mood, and ceasing to refer to my loss resumed the rôle of ardent ad-

mirer. So exacting a mistress was she, so greedy of florid compliments, that I had all my work cut out in carrying out the purpose that had prompted me to propose such a risky *tête-à-tête*. I wanted Zgoureff to pay another visit to Demétrios, and if possible to assure myself that he had done so.

There was a cow-byre on the hillside between the back of the house and the strip of cultivated terrace, and as we climbed upwards behind this out-building, I stopped suddenly and pretended to fasten my shoe-lace. Daphne walked on, crooning a Bulgarian song, and I peered round the corner of the byre. It was as I had thought. The byre was the lair in which Zgoureff was lying up while I was in the house; for there he was, flitting across the intervening space between the shed and the back-door of the dwelling. He disappeared within, and I rejoined my fair companion on the higher ground.

When I had descanted on my delight in rural existence, with bright eyes to cheer it, at sufficient length to have enabled Zgoureff to pay his evening call, I pleaded hunger, and we returned to the house for supper. Repassing the byre I was strongly tempted to rush in, pistol in hand; but reflecting that Zgoureff might not have returned, and loath to risk the success of my maturer plan, I checked the impulse and went peacefully round to the front of the weird old eyrie on the best of terms with the young kestrel at my side.

By reason of the silent beldame, who being Daphne's mother must have been Zgoureff's mother also, I did not enjoy that evening meal. Glad as I was in one way of her company, and well as I augured from her fierce stares, the malignant triumph in the old lady's eyes almost made me nervous. Her son must have looked in on her *after* seeing Demétrios, I told myself, and was comforted with the thought.

Daphne, having in a perfunctory way attended to the wants of the injured man, informed me that her mother, who for all I ever knew may have been

dumb, was about to retire for the night and would not go without her. Taking the welcome hint I bade her good-night, and with mutual assurances of renewed friendship on the morrow, we parted at the door of the room which I was again to share with Demétrios.

The dragoman of the German Embassy greeted me with an oily smile, and began chattering about the surgeon who was to come on the morrow from Sarembeï to set his leg. While making a few preparations for bed by the light of a petroleum lamp, I let him run on for a bit, and then checked him with the question—

"You have seen Zgoureff again?"

"Oh, sare, no; how I see a man far off. You funny joke, sare. All English gentlemen like the joke," was Demétrios' way of telling his latest lie.

I turned out the lamp without comment and flung myself noisily on the bed, but the next moment rose silently. I had taken off my coat and vest, and I placed them, together with my travelling ulster, and the red box, which had hitherto not left me all day, under the bed-clothes. With such material it was difficult to stimulate the curves of the human form, but I did the best I could, and then, revolver in hand, crept under the bed of Demétrios.

Demétrios had developed a new ailment—a bad cough in two short sharp barks, suggestive of a dog on chain. The coughs came at regular intervals of two minutes or so for the three hours I lay waiting, and then without any warning he got worse. He coughed four times in rapid succession.

The room had been in inky darkness when I extinguished the lamp, but the moon had risen since and the objects in the room were faintly discernible. The four coughs of the worthy Demétrios brought a new object into vision—the fezzed and rather portly figure of Zgoureff, tip-toeing from the doorway towards my bed. His hand clutched a dagger, as I had known it would after that confidence to Demétrios, and I rolled gently on to my side, covering him with my pistol. I was not going

to shoot him, unless he asked for it by showing fight, but I meant having the despatch.

And then, suddenly, just as I was about to call to him and "bail him up" while he poised his knife for the stroke—so suddenly that I could not interfere—a white-swathed form glided behind him. Another knife gleamed in the moonlight, and my would-be murderer fell dead on the dummy heap that represented his intended victim.

That passionate, half-bred girl,

knowing her brother, had been watchful, and had acted according to her impulses. But as I went down the gorge in the morning to the railway, with the missing despatch, recovered from Zgoureff's breastpocket, restored to the red box, I thanked my stars that she had repelled me from the first.

How fared the wooing of Demetrios I never heard, but I have caught glimpses of him in Pera since, looking melancholy.

PERIL THREE WILL APPEAR NEXT MONTH.

CANADA.

ARISE and stretch thy sinews, thou young giant of the North ;
Arise and in the fulness of thy youthful strength come forth
And stand among the nations by the greatness of thy worth ;
Assume the place appointed unto thee !

On sloping hills and mountain sides thy forests broad unfold,
The waters of thy seas and streams their teeming myriads hold,
In fertile fields and valleys lies a store of wealth untold
To build the place appointed unto thee.

The billows of the trackless deep have known thy keels of yore,
As fav'ring winds thy many ships have sped from shore to shore
Deep laden with the increase that thy fields and forests bore,
To achieve the place appointed unto thee.

Let not a ruthless rival snatch the guerdon of thy toil ;
Hold fast to that which thou hast gained through blood and sweat and toil ;
Nor let a blighting jealousy thy high ambition foil
To gain the place appointed unto thee.

On far Atlantic's margin rests a nation strong and brave,
Whose triple-crossed banner proudly floats o'er land and wave ;
Her sons with thine, when danger swells, will ready stand to save
And guard the place appointed unto thee.

Not always to the swift the race, nor battle to the strong,
Nor victor's wreath oft crown his brow who heeds the siren's song ;
Choose thou the path of righteousness, nor dally with the wrong,
To hold the place appointed unto thee.

Boston, Mass.

Herbert L. Manks.

A Maid of Many Moods



By Virna Sheard

CHAPTER II.

DURING the days following Christmas, One Tree Inn was the scene of much festivity. It had always been a favoured spot with the young people from Stratford and Shottery. In spring they came trooping to Master Thornbury's meadow, bringing their flower-crowned queen and ribbon-decked Maypole. It was there they had their games of barley-break, blind-man's buff and the merry cushion dance during the long summer evenings; and when dusk fell they would stroll homeward through the dewy lanes sweet with flowering hedges, each one of them all carrying a posy from Deb Thornbury's garden—for where else grew such wondrous clove-pinks, ragged lady, lad's love, sweetwilliam and Queen Anne's lace, as there? Now these old playmates of Darby's came one by one to welcome him home and gaze at him in unembarrassed admiration.

Judith Shakespeare, who was a friend and gossip of Debora's, spent many evenings with them, and those who knew the little maid best, alone could say what that meant, for never was there a merrier lass, or one who had a prettier wit. To hear Judith enlarging upon her daily experiences with people and things, was to listen to thrilling tales, garnished and gilded in fanciful manner, till the commonplace became delightful, and life in

Stratford town a thing to be desired above the simple passing of days in other places.

No trivial occurrence went by this little daughter of the great poet without making some vivid impression upon her mind, for she viewed the every-day world lying beside the peaceful Avon through the wonderful rose-coloured glasses of youth, and an imagination bequeathed to her direct from her father.

It was on an evening when Judith Shakespeare was with them and Deb was roasting chestnuts by the hearth, that they fell to talking of London, and the marvellous way people had of living there.

A sudden storm had blown up, flakes of frozen snow came whirling against the windows, beating a fairy rata-plan on the frosted glass, while the heavy boughs of the old oak creaked and groaned in the wind. Darby and the two girls listened to the sounds without and drew their chairs nearer the fire with a sense of the warm comfort of the long cheery room. They chatted about the city and the pleasures and pastimes that held sway there, doings that seemed so extravagant to country-bred folk, and that often turned night into day, a day moreover not akin to any spent elsewhere on top of the earth.

"Dost sometimes act in the same play with my father, Darby, at the Globe Theatre?" asked Judith, after a pause in the conversation, and at a moment when the innkeeper had just left the room.

The girl was sitting in a chair whose oaken frame was black with age. Now she grasped the arms of it tightly, and Darby noted the beautiful form of her hands and the tapering delicate fingers; he saw also a nervous tremor go through them as she spoke.

"Oh! I would know somewhat of my father's life in London," continued Judith, "and of the people he meets there. He hath acquaintance with many gentlemen of the Queen's Court and Parliament, for he hath twice been bidden to play in Her Majesty's theatre in the palace at Greenwich. Yet of all those doings of his and of the nobles who make much of him he doth say so little, Darby."

Debora, who was standing by the high mantel, turned towards her brother expectantly. She said nothing, but her eyes—shadowy eyes of a blue that was not all blue, but had a glint of green about it—her eyes burned as though they held imprisoned a bit of living light, like the fire in an opal.

The young player smiled; he was looking intently into the glowing coals and for the instant his thoughts seemed far away from the tranquil home scene.

There was no pose of Darby's figure which was not graceful; he was always a picture even to those who knew him best, and it was to this unconscious grace probably more than actual talent that his measure of success upon the stage was due. Now as he leant forward, his elbow on his knee, his chin on his white, almost girlish hand, the burnished auburn love-locks shading his oval face, and matching in colour the long outward sweeping lashes of his eyes, Judith could not look away from him while she waited his tardy answer.

After a moment he came out of his brown study with a little start, and glanced over at her.

"Ah, Judith, an' the master will

give you but scant information on those points, why should I give more? As for the playhouses where he is constantly, now peradventure he is fore-wearied of them when once at home, or," with a slight uplifting of his brows, "or else he think'th them no topics for a young maid," he ended somewhat priggishly.

"'Tis ever so!" Judith answered with impatience. "Thou wilt give a body no satisfaction either. Soul o' me! but men be all alike. If ever I have a husband—which heaven forbid!—I shall fare to London *four* times o' the year an' see for myself what it be like."

"I am going to London with Darby when he doth go back again," said Debora, speaking with quiet deliberation. Thornbury entered the room at the moment and heard what his daughter said. The man caught at the edge of the great table by which he stood, as though needing to hold by it. He waited there, unheeded by the three around the hearth.

"Thou art joking, Deb," answered her brother after an astonished pause. "Egad! how could'st thou fare to London?"

"I' faith, how could I fare to London?" she said with spirit, mimicking his tone. "An' are there no maids in London then? An' there be not, my faith, t'were time they saw what one is like! Prithee, I have reason to believe I could pass a marvellous pleasant month there if all I hear be true. What say'th thou, Judith, to coming with me?"

"Why, sweetheart," answered the girl, rising, "for all I have protested, I would not go save my father took me. His word is my will always, know'st thou not so? An' if it be his pleasure that I go not to London—well then, I have no mind to go. That is just my thought of it. But," sighing a little, "thou art so different, so vastly different, Deb."

"Truly, yes," Debora answered. Then, flinging out her arms and tossing her head up with a quick, petulant gesture, "Oh, I wish, I wish ten thou-

sand-fold that I were a man and could be with thee, Darby. 'Tis so tame an' tantalizing to be but a maid, with this one to say, 'Thou can'st not go *there*,' an' that one to add, 'Alack! an' alack, however cam'st thou to fancy thou could'st do so? Beshrew me! but ladies never deport themselves in such an unmannerly fashion, no, nor even think on't. There is thy little beaten track all bordered with box, prim and precise, walk thou in it thankfully. Marry, an' thou must not gaze over the hedge neither!"

A deep, sweet laugh followed her words as an echo, and a man tall and finely built came striding over from the door where he had been standing in shadow, an amused listener. He put his two hands on the girl's shoulders and looked down into the beautiful, rebellious face.

"Heigho, and heigho!" he said. "Just listen to this mutinous one, good Master Thornbury! Here is a whirlwind in petticoats equal to my pretty shrew who was so well tamed at the last. Marry, an' I could show them such a brilliant bit of acting at the new Globe—such tone! such intensity! 'twould surely inspire the Company and so lighten my work by a hundred-fold. But, alas! while we have but lads to play the parts that maidens should take, acting is oft a very weariness and giveth one an ache o' the heart!"

"Thou would'st not have me upon the stage, father?" said Judith, looking at him.

The man smiled and shook his head slightly. Then his face grew suddenly grave and his hazel eyes narrowed.

"By all the gods—No!—not *thee* sweetheart. But," his voice changing, "but there are those I would. We must away, neighbour Thornbury. I am due in London shortly, and need the night's rest."

They pressed him to stay longer, but he would not tarry. So Judith tied on her hooded cloak, and many a warm good-bye was spoken.

The innkeeper, with Darby and De-

bora, stood on the threshold and watched the two take the road to Stratford; and the sky was pranked out with many a golden star, for the storm had blown over, and the night winds were at peace.

After they entered the house a silence settled over the little group. The child Dorian slept on the cushioned settle, for he was sorely spoilt by Debora, who would not have him go above stairs till she carried him up herself. The girl sat down beside him now and watched Darby, who was carving a strange head upon a stout bit of wood cut from the tree before the door.

"What art so busy over lad?" asked Thornbury. His voice trembled, and there was an unusual pallor over his face.

"'Tis but a bit of home I will take away with me, Dad. In one act of 'Romeo and Juliet,' the new play we are but rehearsing, I carry a little cane. I am a dashing fellow, one Mercutio. I would thou could'st see me. Well-a-day! I have just an odd fancy for this bit o' the old tree."

Debora rose and went over to her father. She laid one hand on his arm and patted it gently.

"I would go to London, Dad," she said coaxingly. "Nay, I must go to London, Dad. I pray thee put no stumbling blocks in the way o' it—but be kind as thou art always. See! an' thou dost let me away I will stay but a month, a short month—but four weeks—it doth seem shorter to say it so—an' then I'll fare home again swiftly an' bide in content. Oh! think of it, Dad! to go to London! It is to go where one can hear the heart of the whole world beat!"

The old man shook his head in feeble remonstrance.

"Thou wilt fare there an' thou hast the mind, Deb, but thou wilt never come back an' bide in peace at One Tree Inn."

The girl suddenly wound her arms about his neck and laid her cool sweet face against his. When she raised it, it glistened as though with tears.

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"I will, Dad! I will, I will," she cried softly, then bent and caught little Dorian up and went swiftly out of the room.

CHAPTER III.

The house in London where Darby Thornbury lodged was on the southern side of the Thames in the neighbourhood of the theatres, a part of the city known as Bankside. The mistress of the house was one Dame Blossom, a wholesome looking woman who had passed her girlhood at Shottery, and remembered Darby and Debora when they were but babies. It was on this account, probably, that she gave to the young actor an amount of consideration and comfort he could not have found elsewhere in the whole of Southwark. When he returned from his holiday, bringing his sister with him, she welcomed them with a heartiness that lacked no tone of absolute sincerity.

The winter had broken when the two reached London; there was even a hint of Spring in the air, though it was but late February, and the whole world seemed to be waking after a long sleep. At least that was the way it felt to Debora Thornbury. For then began a life so rich in enjoyment, so varied and full of new delights that she sometimes, when brushing that heavy hair of hers before the little copper mirror in the high room that looked away to the river, paused as in a half dream, vaguely wondering if she were in reality the very maid who had lived so long and quietly at the old Inn away there in the pleasant Warwickshire country.

Her impulsive nature responded eagerly to the rapid flow of life in the great city, and she received each fresh impression with vivid interest and pleasure. There was a new sparkle in her changeful blue eyes, and the colour drifted in and out of her face with every passing emotion.

Darby also, it struck the girl, was quite different here in London. There was an undefined something about him, a certain assurance both of him-

self and the situation that she had never noticed before. Truly they had not seen anything of one another for the last two years, but he had not appeared changed when he came home at Christmas. A trifle more manly-looking perchance, and with a somewhat greater elegance of manner and speech, yet in verity the same Darby as of old; but here in the city it was not so, there was a dashing way about him now, a foppishness, an elaborate attention to every detail of fashion and custom that he had not burdened himself with at the little half-way house. The hours he kept moreover were very late and uncertain, and this sorely troubled his sister. Still each morning he spoke so freely of the many gentlemen he had been with the evening before—at the Tabard—or the Falcon—or even the Devil's Tavern near Temple Bar—where Debora had gazed open-eyed at the flaunting sign of St. Dunstan tweaking the devil by the nose—indeed, all these places he mentioned so entirely as a matter of course, that she soon ceased to worry over the hour he returned. The names of Marlowe and Richard Burbage, Beaumont, Fletcher, Lodge, Greene and even Dick Tarleton, became very familiar to her, beside those of many a lesser light who was wont to shine upon the boards. It seemed reasonable and fair that Darby should wish to pass as much time with reputable players as possible, and moreover he was often, he said, with Ned Shakespeare—who was playing at Blackfriars—and the girl knew that where *he* was, the master himself was most likely to be for shorter or longer time, for he ever shadowed his brother's life with loving care.

Through the day, when he was not at the theatre, Darby took his sister abroad to see the sights. The young actor was proud to be seen with her, and though he loved her for her own sweet sake, perhaps there was more than a trifle of vanity mixed with the pleasure he obtained from showing the city to one so easily charmed and entertained.

The whispered words of admiration

that he caught as Debora stood by his side here and there in the public gardens and places of amusement, were as honey to his taste. And it may be because they were acknowledged to be so strikingly alike that it tickled his fancy to have my lord this—and the French Count of that—the beaus and young bloods of the town who haunted the playhouses and therefore knew the actors well—plead with him, after having seen Debora once, to be allowed to pay her at least some slight attention and courtesy.

But Darby Thornbury knew his time and the men of it, and where his little sister was concerned his actions were cool and calculating to a degree.

He was careful to keep her away from those places where she would chance to meet and become acquainted with any of the players whom she knew so well by name, and this the girl thought passing strange. Furthermore, he would not take her to the theatres, though in truth she pleaded, argued, and finally lost her temper over it.

"Nay, Deb," said her brother loftily, "let me be the best judge of where I take thee and whom thou dost meet. I have not lived in London more than twice twelve months for naught. Thou, sweeting, art as fresh and dew-washed as the lilac bushes under Dad's window—and as green. Therefore, I pray thee allow me to decide these matters. Did I not take thee to Greenwich but yesterday to view the Queen's Plaisance, as the palace is rightly named? Egad, 'tis not every lass hath luck enow to see the very rooms Her Majesty hath graced! Marry no! Such tapestries! Such ancient portraits! Such chairs and tables set thick with mother o' pearl an' beaten silver! That feast of the eye should last thee a while, i' faith, an' save thy temper from going off at a tangent."

Debora lifted her straight brows by way of answer, and her red curved mouth set itself in a dangerously firm line; but Darby appeared not to notice these warning signals and continued in more masterful tone:—

"Moreover, I took thee to the Paris Gardens on a day when there was a passable show, and one 'twas possible for a maid to view, yet even then much against my will and judgment. I have taken thee to the notable churches and famous tombs. Thou hast seen the pike ponds and the park and palace of the Lord Bishop of Winchester! And further, thou hast walked with me again and again through Pimlico Garden when the very fashion of the city was abroad. Ah! and Nonsuch House! Hast forgotten Nonsuch House on London Bridge and how we climbed the gilded stairway and went up into the cupola for a fair outlook at the river? 'Tis a place to be remembered, in truth. Why, they brought it over from France piecemeal, so 'tis said, and put it together with great wooden pegs instead of nails. The city was sorely taxed for it all, doubtless." He waited half a moment, apparently for some response, but as none came, went on again:

"As for the shops and streets, thou know'st them by heart, for there has not been a day o' fog since we came to keep us in. Art not satisfied, sweet?"

"Nay then I am not!" she answered, with an impatient gesture. "Thou dost know mightily well 'tis the playhouses, the playhouses I would see!"

"Fore Heaven now! Did a man ever listen to such childishness!" cried Darby. "And hast not seen them then?"

"Marry, no!" she exclaimed, her lovely face reddening.

"Now, by St. George! Then 'twas for naught I let thee gaze so long on 'The Swan,' and I would thou could'st just have seen thine eyes when they ran up the red flag with the swan brodered upon it. Ay! and also when their trumpeter blew that ear-splitting blast which is their barbarous unmannerly fashion of calling the masses in and announcing the play hath opened."

The girl made no reply, but beat a soft, quick tattoo with her little foot on the sanded floor.

After watching her in amused silence

Darby again returned to his tantalizing recital.

"And I pointed out, as we passed it, the 'Rose Theatre' where the Lord High Admiral's men have the boards. Fine gentlemen all, and hail-fellow-well-met with the Earl of Pembroke's players, though they care little for our Company. Since we have been giving Will Shakespeare's comedies, the run of luck hath been too much with us to make us vastly popular. Anon, I showed thee 'The Hope,' dost not remember the red-tiled roof of it? 'Tis a private theatre, an' marvellous comfortable, they tell me. An' thou has forgotten all *those*; thou surely canst bring to mind the morning we were in Shoreditch, how I stopped before 'The Fortune' and 'The Curtain' with thee? 'Tis an antiquated place 'The Curtain' but the playhouse where Master Shakespeare first appeared, and even now well patronized, for Ben Johnson's new comedy 'Every Man in his Humour' is running there to full houses, an' Dick Burbage himself hath the leading part."

He paused again, a merry light in his eyes and his lips twitching a little.

"Thou didst see 'The Globe' an' my memory fails me not, Deb? 'Tis our summer theatre—where I fain we could play all year round—but that is so far impossible as 'tis open to the sky, and a shower o' cold rain or an impromptu sprinkling of sleet on one, in critical moments of the play, hath disastrous effect. Come, thou surely has not forgotten 'The Globe,' where we of The Lord High Chamberlain's Company have so oft disported ourselves. Above the entrance there is the huge sign of Atlas carrying his load and beneath, the words in Latin, '*All the world acts a play.*'"

Debora tossed her head and caught her breath quickly. "My patience is gone with thee, since thou art minded to take me for a very fool, Darby Thornbury," she said with short cutting inflection. "Hearts mercy! 'Tis not the outside o' the playhouses I desire to see, as thou dost understand—

'tis the inside—where Master Shakespeare is and the great Burbage, an' Kemp, an' all o' them. Be not so unkind to thy little sister. I would go in an' see the play—Marry an' amen! I am beside myself to go in with thee, Darby!"

The young actor frowned. "Nay then, Deb," he answered, "those ladies (an' I strain a point to call them so) who enter, are usually masked. I would not have thee of them. The play is but for men, like the bear-baiting and bull-baiting places."

"How can'st thou tell me such things," she cried, "an' so belittle the stage? Listen now! this did I hear thee saying over and over last night. So wonderful it was—and rarely, strangely beautiful—yet fearful—it chilled the blood o' my heart! Still I remembered."

Rising slowly the girl walked to the far end of the room with slow, pretty movement, then lifted her face, so like Darby's own—pausing as though she listened.

Her brother could only gaze at her as she stood thus, her plain grey gown lying in folds about her, the sun burnishing the red-gold of her hair; but when she began to speak he forgot all else and only for the moment heard Juliet—the very Juliet the world's poet must have dreamed of.

On and on she spoke with thrilling intensity. Her voice, in its full sweetness, never once failed or lost the words. It was the long soliloquy of the maid of Capulet in the potion scene. After she finished she stood quite still for a moment, then swayed a little and covered her face with her hands.

"It taketh my very life to speak the words so," she said slowly, "yet the wonder of them doth carry me away from myself. But," going over to Darby, "but, dear heart, how dost come thou art studying such a part? 'Tis just for the love of it surely!"

The young player rose and walked to the small, dim window. He stood there quite still and answered nothing.

Debora laid one firm, soft hand upon his and spoke, half coaxingly, half

diffidently, altogether as though touching some difficult question.

"Dost take the part o' Juliet, dear heart?"

"Ay!" he answered, with a short, hard laugh. "They have cast me for it, without my consent. At first I was given the lines of Mercutio, then, after all my labour over the character—an' I did not spare myself—was called on to give it up. There has been difficulty in finding a Juliet, for Cecil Davenant, who hath the sweetest voice for a girl's part of any o' us, fell suddenly ill. In an evil moment 'twas decided I might make shift to take the character, for none other in the Company com'th so near it in voice, they say, though Ned Shakespeare hath a pink and white face, comely enow for any girl. Beshrew me, sweetheart—but I loathe the taking of such parts. To succeed doth certainly bespeak some womanish beauty in one—to fail doth mar the play. At best I must be as the Master says, 'too young to be a man, too old to be a boy.' 'Tis but the third time I have essayed such a role, and 't shall be the last, I swear."

"I would I could take the part o' Juliet for thee, Darby," said the girl, softly patting the sleeve of his velvet tabard.

"Thou art a pretty comforter," he answered, pinching her ear lightly and trying to recover himself.

"'Twould suit thee bravely, Deb, yet I'd rather see thee busy over a love affair of thine own at home in Shottery. Ah, well! I'd best whistle 'Begone dull care,' for 'twill be a good week before we give the people the new play, though they clamour for it now. We are but rehearsing as yet, and 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' hath the boards."

"I would I could see the play if but for once," said Debora, clasping her hands about his arm. "Indeed," coaxingly, "thou could'st manage to take me an' thou did'st have the will."

Darby knit his brows and answered nothing, but the girl fancied he was turning something in his mind; and with a fair measure of wisdom for one so eager she forebore questioning him

further, but glanced up in his face which was grave and unreadable.

Perchance when she had given up all hope of any favourable answer, he spoke.

"There is a way—though it pleases me not, Deb—whereby thou might be able to see the rehearsals at least. The Company assembles at nine of the morning, thou dost know, now I could take thee in earlier by an entrance I wot of, at Blackfriars, a little half-hidden doorway but seldom used—thence through my tiring-room—and so—and so—where dost think?"

"Nay! I know not," she exclaimed. "Where then, Darby?"

"To the Royal Box!" he answered. "'Tis fair above the stage, yet a little to the right. The curtains are always drawn closely there to save the tinselled velvet and cloth o' gold hangings with which 't hath lately been fitted. Now I will part these drapings ever so little, yet enough to give thee a full sweeping view o' the stage, an' if thou keep'st well to the back o' the box, Deb, thou wilt be as invisible to us as though Queen Mab had cast her charmed cloak about thee. Egad! there be men amongst the High Chamberlain's Players I would not have discover thee for many reasons, my little sister," he ended, watching her face.

For half a moment the girl's lips quivered, then her eyes gathered two great tears which rolled heavily down and lay glittering on her gray kirtle.

"'Tis ever like this with me!" she exclaimed, dashing her hand across her eyes, "whenever I get what I have longed and longed for. First com'th a ball i' my throat, then a queer trembling, an' I all but cry. 'Tis vastly silly is't not, but 'tis just by reason o' being a girl one doth act so, i' faith!" Then eagerly, "Thou would'st not fool me, Darby, or change thy mind? Thou art in earnest? Swear it! Cross thy heart!"

"Ay! I am in earnest," he replied, smiling; "in very truth thou shalt see thy brother turn love-sick maid and mince giddily about in petticoats. I

BALLAD

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warrant thou'lt be poppy-red, though thou art hidden behind the gold curtains, just to hear the noble Romeo vow me such desperate lover's vows."

"By St. George, Deb! we have a Romeo who might turn any maid's heart and head. He is a handsome, admirable fellow, Sherwood, and hath a way with him most fascinating. He doth act even at rehearsals as though t'were all most deadly passionate reality, and this with only *me* for inspiration. I oft' fancy what 'twould be—his love-making—an' he had a proper Juliet—one such as thou would'st make, for instance."

"I will have eyes only for thee, Darby," answered Debora, softly, "but for thee, an', yes, for Master Will Shakespeare, should he be by."

"He is often about the theatre, sweet, but hath no part in this new play. No sooner hath he one written, than another is under his pen; and I am told that even now he hath been reading lines from a wonderful strange history concerning a Jew of Venice, to a party of his friends—Ben Jonson and Dick Burbage, and more than likely Lord Brooke, who gather nightly at 'The Mermaid,' where, thou dost remember, Master Shakespeare usually stays."

"I forget nothing thou dost tell me of him," said the girl, as she turned to leave the room. "O wilt take me with thee on the morrow, Darby? Wilt really take me? —"

"On the morrow," he answered, watching her away.

To be Continued.

BALLAD.

A WAKE or ever the peepe o' day
I muse upon thy face;
And grieve, goode Sweete, that thou'rt away
And I alone in place.

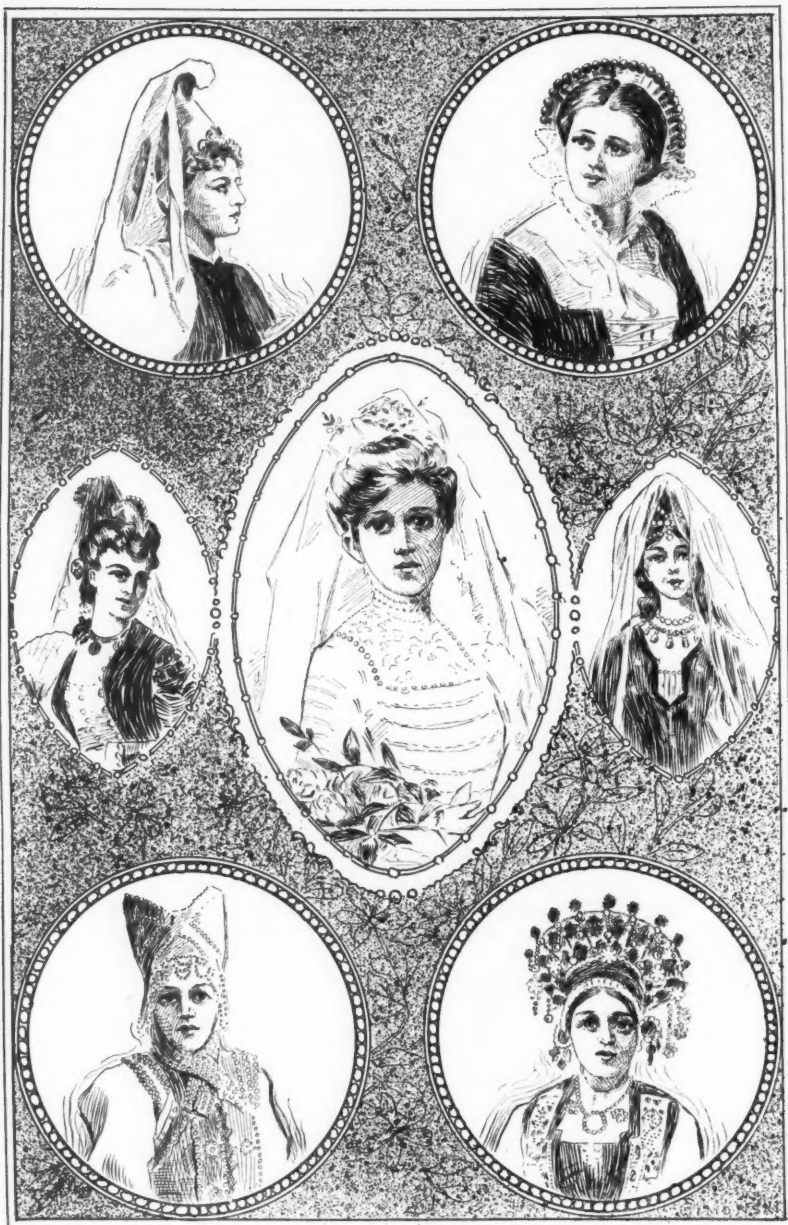
The Robins chirpe the reddinge morne,
The Sunne shines bright and cleere,
And onely I am sad-forlorne
Because thou art not heere.

But maugre every slow-foot houre
Sure is my cheere to me—
I' faith, when's past this woful Stoure,
What will our Greetinge be!

A. B. deMille.

DANISH

ITALIAN



SPANISH
RUSSIAN

CANADIAN

TURKISH
NORWEGIAN

BRIDES

WOMAN'S

Edited by

Mrs. Willoughby Gummings

SPHERE

JUNE is known in many countries as the month for roses, strawberries and brides, and to-day a charming picture of some June brides of

JUNE this and other lands greets BRIDES. you as you open these pages. Our own bonnie bride more than holds her own. As one looks into the future and remembers the different environments and conditions in which their lives will be passed, we cannot help feeling thankful that for the Canadian bride the way will be in many ways easier than theirs. Her pathway will probably be as bright and as happy as befits one of the fair daughters of our "Lady of the Sunshine."

¶

The first ten years seems a long period in the life of a child, to itself at least, and as with a child so with a society. Afterwards

TEN YEARS the years roll quickly OF WOMAN'S by and do not seem to WORK. be, and indeed seldom are, as filled with rapid

growth, changes and events as was the time of the first decade. The growth of an oak, for example, year by year is hardly perceptible—yet the first year's sprout from the acorn seems to make rapid progress.

In touching briefly upon the life of some of the typical associations of women-workers during the past decade, there are certain points that are common to almost all of them that should be mentioned first. Most noticeable of these is the progress made among the workers themselves in the promotion of business-like methods, of system and order, and of the faculty of clearness and conciseness in public speech.

Another very noticeable feature of organized woman's work, during the

last few years in particular, is the general trend towards consolidation in organization. Formerly a society for a certain purpose was organized in one city, and was carried on as a unit, having no communication with a similar society in a neighbouring town. Now this is all changed, and from the affiliation of the societies into a Provincial whole the spirit of federation has spread and the number of Dominion organizations is rapidly increasing.

A broader spirit of fellowship and unity in good works is now evident among all classes, and people who once thought they had nothing in common, are now finding themselves banded together to work for the general good, not giving up in any way their individuality, nor altering the aims and objects of their particular society, but carrying out the idea of unity without unnecessary uniformity. This is particularly noticeable in that federation of woman's societies of widely different names and objects, which, banded together as the National Council of Women of Canada, has proved that English-speaking Canadians and French-speaking Canadians, Jewesses, Roman Catholics and women of all the other churches, literary women, artistic women, home makers, young and old, may work together harmoniously.

¶

In this short article only a very brief outline can be given of the growth and progress of a few typical societies.

Perhaps the largest and most widespread is the W.C.T.U. This society came into being in the summer of 1874, in Owen Sound. Gradually it grew until there were Provincial unions in each Province. In 1883 the Dominion union was formed in Montreal.

In 1890 there were 368 unions, with a membership of 9,040, while, by the last returns, there are now 497 unions, 11,011 members, and 2,092 honorary members. The juvenile temperance work has been a development of these years, and now there are 90 Youman's Band members, and 8,484 Juvenile Societies' members, or, a total membership of 21,677. The establishment of a Dominion Literature Depository, with a stock valued at \$15,000, which annually publishes 250,000 leaflets, the semi-monthly publication of the *Woman's Journal*, edited by the Dominion President, Mrs. Rutherford; the increase of the "Departments" of work, from 24 to 57, each under the supervision of a specialist; the securing of the teaching of temperance in the public schools of the Dominion, and the introduction of the *Quarterly Temperance Leaflet* in the Sunday Schools, are a few of the many evidences of life and progress of this energetic association during the last decade.

3P

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society (Western Division) of the Presbyterian Church was formed a year after the W.C.T.U., and the next year saw the Eastern Division organized in Halifax; while the Montreal Woman's Foreign Missionary Society for the Province of Quebec, which is the connecting link between the others, was organized in 1881. All of these societies are organized on the same basis, each general society is divided into Presbyterial Societies, and these again are subdivided into Congregational Auxiliaries and Mission Bands. Ten years ago the larger of these societies—the Western Division—numbered 25 Presbyterial Societies, with 472 Auxiliaries, and 201 Mission Bands, the total membership of which was 15,951, with 472 life members, and 2,953 members of the general societies. At the same time the number of missionaries supported by the society in the foreign field was one in China, and twelve in India, not counting the wives of the missionaries, and the total contribu-

tions in cash were \$40,362.33. At that time the President was Mrs. Ewart, who held that office from the beginning of the Society until her death.

The ten years that have since passed away shows a great increase and improvement in every respect. Now there are 27 Presbyterial Societies, with 666 Auxiliaries and 315 Mission Bands, in which the total membership is 17,799, with 1,186 life members, and 3,380 members of the general society. The number of missionaries supported in the foreign field has greatly increased, for in China there are four, and in India sixteen, besides eighteen wives of missionaries in these countries. The total contributions in cash, reported at the annual meeting just closed, was \$45,000.32. An important addition to the usefulness of the society has been the establishment of the Ewart Training Home for Missionaries.

3P

A younger sister Missionary Society is the Church of England Woman's Auxiliary which was established in Ottawa in 1884, and which is composed of a General Board, the Diocesan Boards of Huron, Algoma, Niagara, Toronto, Ontario, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, and a Central Board in Prince Edward's Island. Ten years ago there were 213 Senior Auxiliary and 82 Junior Branches, with about 10,000 members. Three lady missionaries, a medical missionary and several bible-women were supported; and the total cash contributions were \$14,785.67. The returns for this the year of the triennial meeting of the Provincial Board are not yet complete, but in September last the number of Senior Auxiliaries was 426, Junior Branches 162, total membership 13,720, life members 242. Total contributions in cash, \$39,051.99, with 13 missionaries in the field supported by the society. The work of the Woman's Missionary Societies of other churches would, doubtless, show equal progress.

3P

The Nursing-at-Home Mission, in Toronto, was probably the pioneer of all district nursing work in Canada. This excellent work was begun in connection with the City Mission Union in 1890, which supplied, free of charge, the house, gas and water. Gradually, however, the Board of the Nursing-at-Home assumed all liabilities, and new premises were taken on Hayter Street which kind friends helped to furnish. In 1890 there was a trained nurse and four nurses in training. They had 252 patients and paid 4,735 visits. The contributions were \$1,109.90. There was a deficit of \$41.75. In 1900 the Superintendent and nurses numbered eight, patients 591, visits 5,577, contributions \$1,661.60, with a small surplus.

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The Woman's Art Association, founded in 1890 in Toronto, has now branches in various parts of the Dominion, and has been very active in the promotion and encouragement of original art in Canada by means of Loan Exhibitions, Art Lectures, Open Studio days, Sketch Clubs, Handicraft Exhibitions and in many other ways. The membership is now over 700, and is rapidly increasing. The President and founder of the Society is Mrs. Dignam.

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The Canadian Branch of the Order of the King's Own Daughters is exactly ten years old, although Circles were formed before 1891. The membership now is over six thousand, and the Circles are formed in all the Provinces. Its aims and purposes are the development of spiritual life and the stimulation of Christian activity, and several Homes and Hospitals for the needy have been built by the Order.

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The Aberdeen Association is another nationally organized society that has been at work for ten years. The first

branch was formed in Winnipeg by Lady Taylor, for the purpose of collecting literature and distributing it to settlers in sparsely settled districts. There are now sixteen branches in various parts of Canada and over twenty thousand parcels are now sent out annually to eight thousand people, among whom are miners, men in lumber camps, in sealing vessels, and in lighthouses, as well as the settlers on the prairies and in the distant places. Besides the pleasure given to the recipients by this literature, the donors agree to correspond with the readers twice a year, and most grateful letters are received in return.

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The good work done by many rapidly growing and energetic societies that have a shorter history than the past ten years—such, for example, as the Woman's Historical Society, the Victorian Order of Nurses, the Daughters of the Empire, the Household Economic Association, the Leagues of School Art, the many associations for outdoor sports and the like must, at least, be mentioned in passing.

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A small society which should grow in numbers, is "The Shut-in Society," which was organized in 1877 and re-organized in 1884. So far, I believe, only one branch exists in Canada, and that is in Montreal, but it has spread largely in the United States. As its name implies, its members are shut-in invalids, while the associate members are those who are in tender sympathy with the sick. The object of this society is to relieve the weariness of the sick room by sending and receiving letters and other tokens of remembrance, and to pray for one another daily at the twilight hour. A small magazine is published by the society and is called *The Open Window*. Mrs. Muir, 253 Bishop Street, Montreal, is Vice-President for Canada.

E. C.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by John A. Ewan

WHOEVER tries to follow events in China must have experienced the difficulty of carrying in mind the hyphenated names of the native actors in the drama that is there being unfolded. But it is really worth while to attempt to fix in the memory the names of Chang Chih Tung and Lin Kun-yi. They are the two Yang-tsze Viceroyes who took it upon themselves to suppress the decree of the Empress-Dowager calling for a general massacre of Europeans, and thereby saved the foreigners from a massacre that would have increased the carnage in the recent disturbances five-fold. The responsibility they took was vital, for if the court had triumphed, even temporarily, the Viceroyes would have paid for their heroism with their lives.

Fortunately for civilization and, as it turns out, for the integrity of China, the court party lost the trick and the heads of Chang Chih Tung and Lin Kun-yi have not dropped in the basket. They were apparently reserved for the performance of one of the highest services to their country, although in the course of doing it they have again been placed in ostensible opposition to the court. Under Russian pressure and the guidance of Russia's good friend, Li Hung Chang, the Emperor and his advisers were disposed to sign the treaty which it is believed would have virtually transferred Manchuria to Russia. Just at this juncture the two Yang-tsze Viceroyes came out with a firm protest against the conclusion of any convention that looked to the alienation of any portion of the Chinese empire. It was soon found that the Viceroyes had sounded a popular note, and the governors of provinces, with the sole exception of Li Hung Chang himself, hastened to support

their fellow-governors in their protest. The court saw that it was a question between incurring the anger of Russia and running the risk of stirring up a popular uprising under capable leadership against a dynasty which was consenting to the dismemberment of the Empire. It ended by the Emperor refusing to sign the convention.

It is easy to perceive the predicament into which this episode throws Russia. The signing of the convention was unquestionably urged by secret threats that it would be worse for China if signature were refused. Li is known to have been using the argument that by giving up Manchuria China would gain a powerful friend who would back her up in preserving intact the remainder of China. The managers of the Russian case are now in the position of men whose bluff has been called, and who are not in a position to demonstrate that it was not a bluff. Overt acts against the integrity of Chinese territory could scarcely fail to challenge Japan, and even the fat and foolish China fowl would be an opponent to be reckoned with if leagued with the self-sufficient and bellicose Japanese game-cock. Japanese finances are not in the best position to sustain a big war, but Russian finance is equally if not more feeble. Moreover, the motives that urge the Japanese are, if possible, more powerful than those that actuate Russia. Forty million people have to find a livelihood on these comparatively small islands, not more than one-twelfth of the soil being arable. An overflow area must be found, and Korea has long been recognized as supplying the want. Japan will fight rather than see Korea pass under Russian control, or even be endangered through the presence of

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Russia in Manchuria. One need only look at the map to realize the feelings of the Japanese.

Whether they can avoid the impending fate no matter what they do, may well be doubted. Russia does not feel the same need of expansion, but we may be sure that the strongest sentiment among her rulers is not to be shut out from access to the Pacific as she is shut out in Europe from free access to the Atlantic, and although foiled in getting documentary authority for intruding in Manchuria, she will remain there nevertheless. The Korean peninsula, the great harbour-bar of the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, jutting out as it does and dividing the sea of Japan from the Yellow Sea, in the hands of Russia would be a position of immense advantage. How precarious would the position of any Power in China be compared with hers! Hers would be no mere outpost, dis severed from the heart and brain and muscles of the Empire, but an integral continuous part of it, which the whiskered Pandours and the fierce hussars of the Little Father could reach by railway without once leaving Russian soil.

Russia has some ominous problems to solve. At the very moment that she is railroading more troops into Manchuria, her peasantry in old Russia are gnawing bread made from the sweepings of factories, and even the resort to such expedients does not banish from the land the terrible spectre of famine with wholesale death in his wake. Even this scarce dare be whispered about lest Russia's foes should presume on it to balk her of the prize that seems just within her grasp. That the forces of reaction are strong within her borders just now is evidenced by the fact that the Czar has at length consented to the launching of the spiritual thunders of the church on Tolstoi. That this has been withheld so long is proof that even semi-oriental



APRIL-FOOLING RUSSIA

—The Minneapolis Journal

and wholly despotic Russia feels that it cannot entirely ignore the world's public opinion. It must have been irritating in the last degree, while the secular and spiritual arm was engaged in subduing the Doukhobors and other unorthodox sects, to have a voice like that of Tolstoi's heard in all lands, denouncing the proceedings. It was easy to persecute the dumb enthusiasts, although numbering thousands, who were addicted to the pestilent practice of thinking for themselves. But the one man upon whom the eyes of the civilized world were fixed refused to be silent. Here was a power before which even the god-like authority of a Czar seemed weak. For this brother of Christ death has no fears. Alive, he could not be induced to forego the speaking of his mind; buried or exiled it could still be said in scripture phrase "for he being dead yet speaketh." For he, not the Patriarch of Moscow, is the true Pontiff, with a pontificate that extends far beyond its borders. This power of intellect and conscience is not the same as that of which the dramatist makes Richelieu speak:

"Then wakes the power which in the age of iron



A TOUCHING SCENE

—The St. Paul Pioneer Press

Burst forth to curb the great and raise the low,"

but it appears to be of like efficacy to make "monarchs tremble in their capitals."

In taking leave of the subject it is worth noting how clearly Li's treachery to his country is made manifest. Can he be credited with sincerity when he endeavours to persuade the court that the alienation of Manchuria is an advisable course in order to save the rest of China. He is too well acquainted with the situation to give him credit for speaking in ignorance. He knows that the acquisition by a European Power of any part of China would be a signal for a general scramble and for demands from Powers quite as able to enforce them as Russia is. Li has frequently been accused of being the paid agent of Russia. His present conduct would appear to support that view to the extent of a moral certainty.

The Duke of York has opened the first Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth amidst scenes of great enthusiasm. We can all say now with special significance "Advance, Australia." The heir-apparent is now getting a firmer idea than books could

give him of the extent of the Empire over which, with continued life, he will one day govern. When he has visited Canada he will have seen those portions of his empire which, if Providence grants him length of days, will yet in actuality be the Greater Britain which it has been called. Greater Britain it is now in extent and potentialities. It will then be the Greater Britain in population, resources and wealth.

The seizure of Mr. O'Brien's paper *The Irish People* came rather as a surprise to us of this generation, to whom such events are a matter of history rather than of possible contemporary occurrence.

It has been the custom to ignore the most virulent and violent of such attacks in the past. Even the most vicious and at times indelicate abuse of the late Queen was contemptuously ignored. The policy was a wise one, and it must be thought that the present departure from it is ill-advised. What will be accomplished? If let alone indecent journalism recoils on itself. Prosecution or persecution gives it an importance that it would never otherwise have had. If the article in question had been ignored it would never have been heard of outside of the small circle of readers which it may happen to have. The seizure of the paper has given the article a world-wide circulation.

And then the whole proceeding, besides being inexpedient is contrary to modern polity. The idea of police supervision of the press has too musty a flavour for this twentieth century. If the utterances of the paper are illegal, there are surely means of reaching it by the courts. We can never afford to be indifferent with respect to liberties that have been won. The police walk into a newspaper office to-day to close it up for offensive expressions against the king; to-morrow it may be

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in the interests of the king's ministers, or his master of the buckhounds or his barber. If such offences must be noticed let them be noticed in a way less repugnant to the spirit of the age. The seizure of the paper was ill-advised, impolitic, and in the best sense unconstitutional.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has been the most-talked-of man during the past month. Whatever Sir Michael's shortcomings may be he does not lack firmness—those who disagree with him would say obstinacy. Such a word can hardly be applied, however, to the course of a public man who deliberately adopts a specific policy and adheres to it in face of great pressure of various kinds. This arose chiefly in connection with the export duty of a shilling a ton on coal. The colliery-owners were of course undisguisedly hostile and their workmen even more so. In the coal districts the miners regulate their earnings by the profits of the master. Their expert leaders follow the market as closely as the owners themselves, and when times are good they endeavour to procure some share of the goodness for the men. The export duty, therefore, affected them equally with the masters. Sir Michael was called upon, therefore, to face the possibility of an extensive strike of miners, and in addition was threatened with the loss of a constituency, the representation of Monmouthshire, where



SIR MICHAEL EDWARD HICKS-BEACH
Chancellor of the British Exchequer

the coal-mining interest is powerful, being at the moment vacant. He never flinched, however. Nor was he content to remain passively antagonistic, but met his opponents in the House with an amount of information and a wealth of argument that was decidedly disconcerting to the protesting interests. Sir Michael has proved that his firmness is based on accurate knowledge of the ground he holds. He has distinctly gone up a round or two on the political ladder.

A HUMMING-BIRD ON ITS NEST.

ATOM of swiftness chained to a great desire,
Palpitant motion patient as heaven above,
A jeweled tumult bodied in emerald fire
Breasting the hopes of love.

Heart a drop of energy moltenly hot,
Wings of the tiniest thrilling with wonder the air,
All bowed down in this infinitesimal spot,
Bowed in a bird's long prayer.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

Under the circumstances it would seem lucky for us that Mr. Parker thought it well to refuse the offer.

The experience of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE is that there are even greater obstacles to the growth of Canadian periodicals than the much-criticized indifference and cosmopolitanism of the Canadian people. Certain laws on the statute-books of the Dominion have favoured the United States periodical publisher. For example, if a Canadian publisher desires to import high-class paper from the United States to improve the excellence of his periodical he must pay 25 to 35 per cent. duty on this blank paper. If, however, this United States paper be printed and bound up into periodical form it comes in free of duty. Thus in competition with United States publishers we are handicapped to the extent of 25 to 35 per cent. in the matter of paper alone. Even if Canadian paper be used the price is 25 per cent. higher than the same grade in the United States. In addition there is a tax on ink, type and presses. The publishers of the "Ladies' Home Journal" may send 50,000 copies of their periodical to Toronto and have them distributed in Canada without the payment of a cent of duty. If a Canadian publisher imported the same amount of paper and printed it here, he would be charged \$250 to \$300 duty on such a shipment. In the same way Mr. Munsey may send in 50,000 copies of his magazine monthly without paying any duty. Each magazine weighs about a pound, and the paper is worth about 5 cents a pound. On this \$2,500.00 worth of paper, if imported by a Canadian, the duty would be \$625, a pretty heavy monthly tax on the Canadian publisher. This condition is one of the chief reasons why there are no ten-cent magazines in Canada.

There have been political troubles which may be touched but lightly. In sending in his weekly report a canvas-

ser would say, "John Jones, K.C., cancels his subscription because the magazine is edited by a Liberal," or, "Mr. Smith declares he will not have the magazine in his house because the editor is a Conservative." The cases have been equal in number. There are quite a number of both Liberals and Conservatives who will not read this article because they have decided that the editor was a member of "the other party."

One incident in these political troubles necessitated the Editor sitting before the political head of the nation in a handsome room at Ottawa endeavouring to explain that he was not desirous of destroying the gentleman's political following or of discrediting him with the country.

After all, these are but the little mud-holes on the smooth road of progress. They never could have affected the course of the Magazine unless the Directors of the Company had been hasty, which they never were. One "cancel" was usually followed by a hundred new subscriptions. A boy may stop a hole in a dyke with his finger, but laying the same finger on a rail to stop a steam-engine would have less effect. The Magazine has got up steam and the party-server may as well save his fingers.

Then there have been religious difficulties. A Catholic paper has declared the present Editor to be "animated by a malevolent antipathy to all things Catholic." A few weeks ago a gentleman cancelled his subscription because his wife declared that the Editor favoured the Catholics. A Presbyterian Minister preached a sermon on the foolishness and other virtues of the Editor. And so it goes on—and these little incidents properly described would fill a volume. People are rapidly learning that an editor knows neither politics nor religions.

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terprise must encounter, and looking back over this period of a hundred numbers, the view is most pleasant. So many good Canadians have said "God-speed;" so many editors of Canadian newspapers have persistently tried to make the national publication known and appreciated; so many writers have given of their best in counsel and creation that THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE might hold its own among the national periodicals of the world; so kindly has been the reception amongst all classes!

Our eyes are turned to the East. The rising sun of a second century of Canadian Magazines is colouring the

new morning. We face it with hope and confidence. What work presents itself will be met with cheerful countenance and steady determination. The small part that we may play in national life we hope to play manfully, so that we may deserve the appreciation which the Canadian public bestows—grudgingly perhaps, but surely.

In the few short years given each in which to labour, to have contributed something to the moulding and developing of Canada's national life is sufficient reward for great men and therefore more than sufficient for those connected with this publication.

A CANADIAN MINT.

THE announcement that Hon. Mr. Fielding has perfected plans for the establishment of a Canadian mint will be received with general satisfaction throughout the Dominion. It is estimated that \$75,000 a year will be needed to defray the expense, but that will be a trifle compared with the prestige of issuing Canadian gold coin and minting the silver and bronze currency required in our domestic trade. At present our currency is based on American gold, and our notes are redeemable in the coin of the republic. We have adopted, and wisely so, the American standard, and as a consequence it is impossible to redeem our notes except in American gold. The British sovereign is equal to \$4.86 2-3 of American or Canadian money, and is in consequence not as well adapted as the American eagle for the purpose of a gold reserve against Canadian bank or Dominion notes redeemable on demand. To many Canadians the use of American gold has seemed to partake of the nature of dependence on a foreign country, and they will welcome the news that a mint will soon be turning out Canadian gold coin. The chief commercial opening for our gold coin will be in furnishing a reserve for the Dominion Government against the notes outstanding. The banks, too, will no doubt hold a part of their re-

serves in Canadian gold. . . . After the openings for Canadian gold have been filled the mint will be used, as in Australia, for the coining of British sovereigns. . . . There is a profit or seigniorage on the silver and bronze coinage, and it is now turned over by the British mint to the Canadian Government. The additional cost entailed in maintaining a Canadian branch will absorb this profit, but it will still figure in the accounts. A mint does not run day after day like a factory, but is one of the most spasmodic of public institutions. There will be much work, however, for the Canadian branch immediately after its establishment in transforming reserves into Canadian coin. The proposed purchasing assay office will be an important western adjunct of the mint. In buying the gold of the Yukon and other Canadian fields and paying for it in drafts on various commercial centres the Government may not be able to give any better terms than private financial corporations. But there is a confidence attaching to Governmental purchase that will never be felt toward private buyers. If the assay office should be run at a slight loss there would be compensation in the large volume of profitable trade secured by Canadian merchants, trade now lost to Seattle and San Francisco.—*Toronto Globe*.

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BOOK REVIEWS

IF "The Helmet of Navarre"* is Miss Bertha Runkle's first novel it is really a remarkable achievement. It is in the same class with Weyman's "A Gentleman of France," and if lacking in some of the finish and insight of that clever historical romance, it is not a whit behind it in dash and humour. One can readily understand how the story caught the fancy of the readers of a well-known periodical. The situation is well chosen: the army of Henry IV. is at the gates of Paris, and the King has reached the conclusion that "Paris is worth a mass." The League under the control of the Guises still controls the city, so that the Duke of St. Quentin and his son

the Comte de Mar, who ally themselves with the King and remain in Paris, are in danger of assassination. Plots are hatched, and Mar ventures into the very palace of his enemies to woo the niece of the Prince. By that strange chance which turns up so often in romances, Mar has an opportunity to kill his enemy but refrains. What more natural than that he in turn should be spared in the hour of peril? All ends well, therefore, and a tale, which glows with feeling on every page, is brought to a happy conclusion. As an evidence of the dramatic art of its author the latter portion is even more vivacious and enthralling than the earlier. In truth it would be hard to name in current fiction a more delightful piece of work.

*The Helmet of Navarre. By Bertha Runkle. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

38



NELL GWYNN

From the Painting by Sir Peter Lely

There is material for a good story in the Dutch people of New York when it was a colony under English rule, and Miss Clark has certainly utilized it.* Peggy Crewe, the wilful beauty of the town, commits a rash act when, disguising herself as a jockey, she rides her brother's horse in a race. This unmaidenly performance is shielded by her brother and her lover, Capt. Bellenden, who take her to the quiet home of the Dutch pastor, Domine Ryerssen, that she may recover of a sprained ankle. But the story gets out, and Peggy blames the Domine's beautiful daughter Annetje. The family and congregation of the pastor form the real material of the tale and an impressive picture we get of the rigid Puritanism of the people. A message from Annetje to Capt. Bellenden goes astray,

*God's Puppets. By Imogen Clark. Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.



"SO YOU HAVE COME AT LAST TO TRY AGAIN, MR. BRYCE?"

Illustration from "The Crisis."

and from that simple incident flows a string of painful consequences—the Domine's unhappiness, a public affront offered to Annetje, and a deeper tragedy still. There is feeling and power in the telling, and some glimpses of the colonial society not lacking in vividness and humour. There is more than the framing of the plot to the credit of the clever authoress, for the chief characters stand out in bold relief and the

period has evidently been made the subject of careful study.

32

For a concise and well-written biography of Queen Victoria commend us to that by Mr. Richard Holmes, the Librarian at Windsor Castle.* The Queen herself revised the portion relat-

* Life of Queen Victoria. By R. Holmes. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.



"THE ROCKET, MESSIEURS; LOOK AT THE ROCKET"

Illustration from "Pro Patria"

ing to her early life, so that it is accurate and authoritative. During her lifetime the book appeared as a sumptuous volume with expensive illustrations in colour, and at a price which removed it beyond that the average reader could afford to pay. It is now brought down to include the closing years of the reign, and the sad scenes of her death and funeral, and is issued at a moderate cost. For the school or domestic library it is an excellent edition, and may be ordered with the confidence that while more elaborate works on the subject will appear, none will surpass it in correctness, in comprehensive brevity and in insight.

38

It is quite a relief to turn to so gentle and wholesome a tale as "Uncle Terry,"* which centres round a girl rescued from a shipwreck by an old lighthouse-keeper on the Maine coast. The girl grows up a refined and lovable woman, and is wooed with almost idyllic tenderness by a young Boston lawyer. He has a sister, a girl of decision and character, who also has a lover. Upon the ultimately successful suits of the two wooers, and the simplicity of the old lighthouse-man, the tale is based, and without harrowing our feelings or mystifying our senses the author manages to be entertaining throughout the book.

39

No one will deny that there is satire, humour and considerable knowledge of life in "The Visits of Elizabeth."† Her letters are to her mother from the fashionable country houses in England and France where the lovely *ingenue* is supposed to stay. The moral state of the high society in which the girl finds herself is certainly alarming, and her assumption of complete innocence—"Don't you think so, mamma?"—imparts a sinister meaning to many transactions which might in themselves be perfectly proper. As to Elizabeth's mother, who does not summon her daughter home after the first few

* Uncle Terry. By Charles C. Munn. Toronto: McLeod & Allen.

† The Visits of Elizabeth. By Eleanor Glyn. Toronto: Geo. N. Morang & Co.

letters, we really fear that the good lady herself has very lax notions on things in general. Someone has written a parody on this book entitled, "The Letters of Elizabeth's Mother," which, if they answer the girl's apparently naive questions, will soon find itself on the index expurgatorius. These revelations of the follies of aristocratic circles are usually written by persons who have never penetrated very far within the sacred enclosure, so that we may take comfort from this reflection in weighing the value of Elizabeth's testimony.

3P

In a series of reprinted papers,* contributed originally to the *New York Post*, Mr. Mowbray makes a really enjoyable addition to current literature. A stockbroker's health breaks down, and he and his little boy bury themselves in a remote cottage in the country, and in a humorous, half-cynical, but perfectly natural vein he describes their experiences. There is nothing of the superior person with his nose in the air about our author. In studying nature there is no attempt to dose one with science. It was a happy time, with no mental cares, and almost from the first a keen zest for life. The experiences easily resolve themselves into a rustic idyll, with a maid as the central figure. For those who are weary of city life, brain-fagged, and despondent, a "journey to nature" like this spells contentment, health, and a wider knowledge. The book is one to take with you on a summer holiday.

3P

There is an advantage to the commonplace mind in reading a Russian tale which reflects the English view of things Russian. The Russian author leaves too many small details unexplained. The foreign author makes the minutiae clear, and the fascination of a novel as often depends upon the manner of the narrative as upon the plot itself. This is true of "On Peter's

*A Journey to Nature. By J. P. Mowbray. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.



IMOGEN CLARK
Author of "God's Puppets"

Island,"* which may or may not be an absolutely correct interpretation of Russian character, but is at all points an entertaining and in parts an absorbing tale. Two young men, an American and a German, are owners of an oil business near St. Petersburg. In their employ is a young Pole named Stanislaus Lubinski, who is in the pay of a rival concern to ruin them, and who dabbles in a Nihilist conspiracy. We are brought into contact with several exciting phases of Russian life, not the least so being the secret society and its betrayal by Lubinski, who is really as pretty a specimen of the villain as one would wish to know. Of course, he has a lovely and virtuous sister—strange how these good girls have such bad brothers!—and equally of course the hero of the tale loves and marries her. This, with the numerous murders, plots and deaths, provides lively material for the expectant reader.

3P

"Mistress Nell,"† by George C. Hazelton, Jr., is a novel written from a successful play, thus reversing the usual order. A tale of Nell Gwynn must be interesting at all times when well done, as it is in this case.

* On Peter's Island. By Arthur and Mary Ropes. Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.

† Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.



IDLE MOMENTS



AN INTERRUPTED APOSTROPHE.

HO, ho, ho, lusty, front !
 At last, I've hauled you out !
 Three times across your track
 I cast my Spanish-Black !
 Three times against the wind,
 I cast my Jenny-Lind ;
 Midge, Drake and Moth did duty,
 To tempt my speckled beauty ;
 Alas, 'twas all in vain,
 You passed them with disdain ;
 You would not sniff at those,
 With piscatorial nose !
 Preferring other bait,
 For which you'd rather wait ;
 Thus, when my Hackle Brown
 Came gently floating down
 To join the swirling eddy,
 Where you lay sly and ready
 To curve your sinuous back,
 Prepared for an attack,
 That Hackle did the trick !
 You rose and seized him quick.
 —Nay, do not twist and squirm,
 I hold you safe and firm—
 Lor ! how the boys will stare
 At you, my bonnie fare !
 Steady now,—be still,
 My hook is in your gill.
 You'll weigh, I trow, six pounds !
 You'll measure twenty—zounds !
 He's gone—oh ! for my gaff !
 Lor ! how the boys will chaff !

J. Bernard Currie.

HAROLD AND HIS PAPA.

"Papa, when is sister going to be married?"

"On the sixteenth."

"Will she have a large wedding?"

"Yes, Harold, a very large wedding."

"Why does she want a large wedding?"

"For various reasons. One is because she will receive more presents, and another because it costs money."

"But she doesn't have to spend the money, does she?"

"Oh, no. That is exclusively your papa's privilege."

"Do you like to spend money on weddings, papa?"

"No, my son, I do not. I despise it."

"Then what makes you do it?"

"To keep up your mother's position in society."

"But haven't you a position in society, also?"

"No, Harold. I'm merely the business end."

"And would you care if mamma didn't have a position in society?"

"Yes, I would care a great deal."

"I am afraid I do not understand. You have to spend money to give mamma her position in society, don't you?"

"Yes."

"But you don't like to spend the money, yet you do like to give mamma her position in society."

"My boy, you should be careful in your use of terms. You asked me if I would care, not what I would like to do, and I said I would care."

"But why should you care?"

"Because I would rather work myself to death and give her what she wants than to do the other thing. There are worse things than death."

"Then you don't do it because you want to, but because it can't be helped?"

"You are a bright lad. You have guessed it."

"But where does sister come in?"

"She comes in the same category with your mother."

"What is a category?"

"Well, Harold, when two people of one's own family are in the same category, it means that they are united against you."

"But sister is going to be united to another man, isn't she?"

"The man thinks she is, but he will find out later that she is united against him."

"And are you in the same category with him?"

"Yes, Harold, he and I are in the same category with all the other men. Now run and play. Your papa must make some business calculations."—

Life.

*The contributions to this Department are original unless credited to some other journal.

RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

Brides must on their wedding day
Have for luck, the old folks say,
Something old and something new,
Something borrowed, something blue.

So, when fair Marguerite was led
Down the rose-strewn aisle to wed,
She had followed to the end
The rule that luck should her attend.

Borrowed blushes on her face
That the hue of love should grace,
Bridal trousseau very new,
The groom was old and she was blue.

—Baltimore World.

A DIPLOMAT'S TROUBLE.

Mr. Louis Voisson, who has been of benefit to the French Government by making a Burmese-French grammar, and who is well known in America through his many years as French Consul in Philadelphia, tells a most delightful story of how he and the King of Burmah became good chums.

The President of the French Republic ordered him to Burmah on a diplomatic mission. Mr. Voisson knew the Burmese language probably better than any other man not native born. He knew not only the high caste tongue, but the provincial dialects. He knew the customs of the Burmese common folk and of the royal palace. It was to the advantage of France that he should be *persona grata* at the Burmese court.

He strongly desired to make a good impression at his presentation. He knew King Thebaw was a merry monarch; a good fellow when once you pleased him, but rather tenacious of the etiquette of the ceremony due him from a foreigner.

Mr. Voisson, wishing to do the proper thing, and to do it according to the highest etiquette of the court, got one of the officials of the palace to show him how to dress according to the native way of presentation; the conventional dress suit was impossible during that scorching season, yet the white linen unofficial suit, that closely resembled pajamas, would be frowned upon.

The official gladly undertook the task, for Mr. Voisson was a most likable man. Both entered into the scheme with glee. The costume consisted of yards and yards of white silk wound around the body, clothing it perfectly, keeping it cool, and giving really graceful lines.

The silk was bought, the day of the presentation of the French representative came, and Mr. Voisson's servant, having been instructed by the official, wound the yards of silk around his master's body.

Unfortunately he did not know how to give the last final knot that kept the whole in place. He thought he did, however, and Mr. Voisson was taken to the palace wearing his unique costume.

All went well until he was before the King. Then the knot loosened itself. Mr. Voisson had been introduced; the King was making his speech of welcome—and Mr. Voisson knew that in another five minutes he would be disrobed. Even had there been a pin on the floor he could not, without a breach of the court etiquette, have stooped to pick it up.

His knees shook, and the trembling of his body did not assist in keeping the silk in place. He felt the inside swathings slip, slip, slip. He counted the seconds as he listened to the sonorous tones of King Thebaw's voice welcoming him to Burmah.

His brow dampened; he almost gave way to the desire to shriek aloud, and felt like a man with a tarantula crawling up his leg, and a pistol pointed at his face. He found grim endurance and silence his only hope. The look of agony in his face was noticed by the King.

He said, "The heat has overcome you," and finished the ceremony.

Mr. Voisson backed carefully out, taking every step as if he were treading on the proverbial eggshells. Outside the throne-room the silken swathings gave way entirely.

The next day Mr. Voisson told the entire story to the King, and it so tickled Thebaw's sense of humour that

the French representative found favour thereafter in his eyes above all other foreigners.—*Philadelphia Post*.

OUR EARLY DAYS.

It is a story that the Colonel, now dead, used to tell on himself with much enjoyment. When the 13th Hussars were stationed at Toronto, which was a good many years ago, there was given at the Rossin House a military dinner, at which the Colonel, then commanding a city regiment, was a guest, together with other militia officers and those of the Hussars. In civilian life he was a tinsmith, and it so happened that the next morning there was a job to be done out at the Fort, which required his personal attention. While engaged at his work he was approached by an officer, whom he recognized as a fellow guest of the night before.

"Good morning," said the Colonel. "How do you feel after last night?"

"Aw—good mawning—but I'm afraid I don't know you."

"Why, I met you at the Rossin House last night. I'm Blancke."

"What!" exclaimed the youth. "You're Colonel Blancke? A Colonel lawst night and a tinker this mawning!"

And the subaltern moved on.—*Toronto News*.

WONDERING WHY.

A man with a monkey and an organ with the asthma came down Wilton avenue one night after nickels, followed by a bunch of youngsters. One boy who wanted to see the monkey doff his cap and dance pulled his tail instead of giving him a copper. But the monkey turned around and bit him.

The boy looked at the bite, cried, and wondered why.

A little further up on Jarvis street a boy lit the wrong end of a giant cracker and lost his finger nail.

He looked at the place where the

nail once was, cried, and wondered why.

Here's a parson busy stealing sermons and raising church debts, and the congregation are just as busy disappearing, melting, vanishing into air. And the parson looks at the dents in the pulpit, where he has hammered in truths with his fist, he looks at the empty seats, and wonders why.

Here's a lawyer with a brief bag yawning for a brief, and a gown whose owner is yawning for a case. His library is full of the latest law, and his sign is very attractive. He looks at the sign, at the empty brief bag, and the library of latest law, and watching all the clients going next door, wonders why.

The merchant watches his rival pull up on him, now neck and neck, now abreast, now forging ahead. He looks in his own store window, and sees it is just as attractive, his clerks are just as attentive. And as the trade flocks next door, he notes all this, and wonders why.

A clerk who has been in an office for years watches a new face come in, watches him advance by leaps and bounds; he looks at his writing, looks at his work, no neater, no better. He wonders why.

A man tells a story, a nice little story, but no one enjoys it. Another man tells the same story and everyone laughs. And the first man wonders why.

Why is that church parson raising debts and dinging the pulpit, when nature meant that he should raise crops and dinge the soil with his hoe?

He is monkeying with the wrong end of the monkey.

A good many of us are wondering why.

Perhaps we are monkeying with the wrong end of the monkey.

Nothing pulls a cork better than a corkscrew, and a corkscrew is no good for anything else.

Better be a good corkscrew than a poor auger.

Don't monkey with the wrong end of the monkey.—*Toronto Star*.

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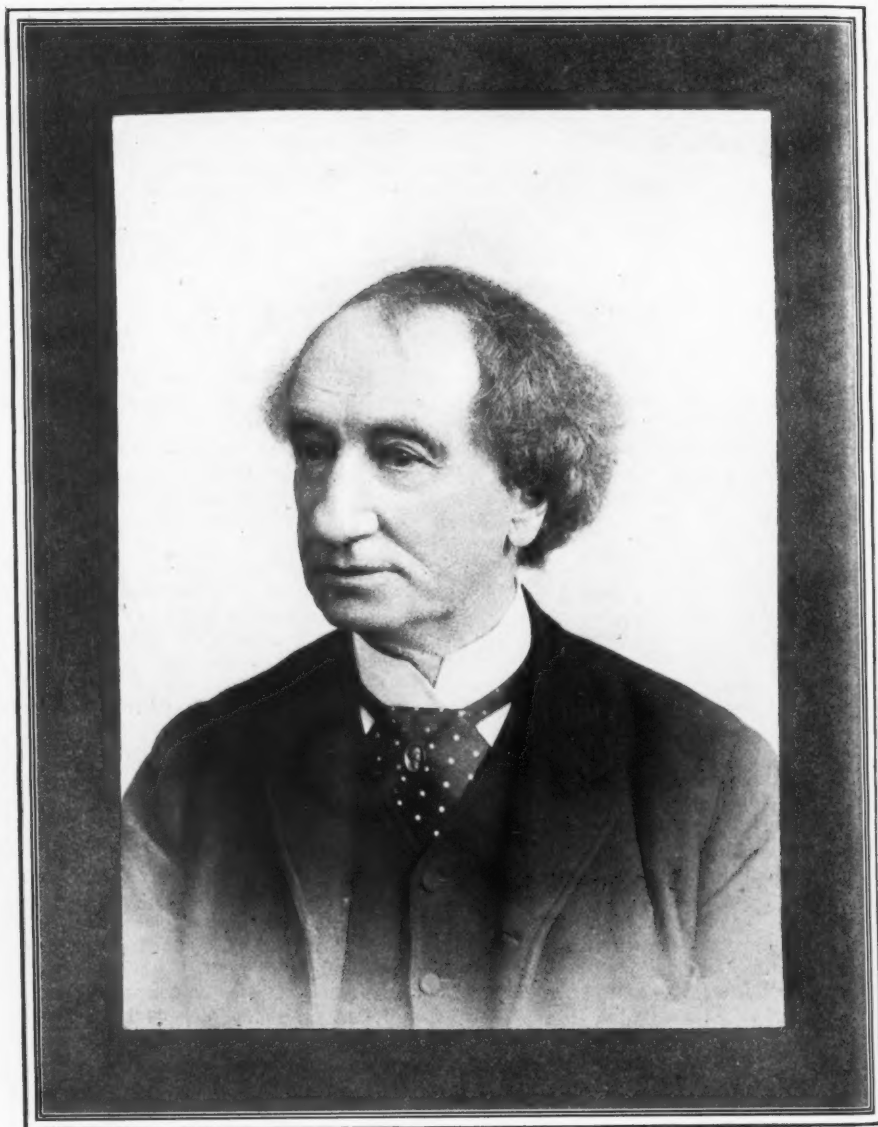


PHOTO BY JARVIS, OTTAWA

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THE RT. HON. SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, G.C.B.

DIED JUNE 6TH, 1891

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